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w the White House Looks at Reagan — see page 825

NATIONAL REVIEW

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Another Look at The Declaration

Harry V. Jaffa

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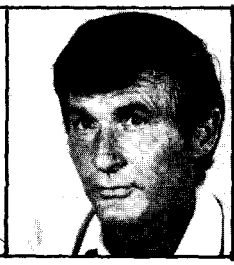
Page 841



McDONALD
Page 827

BERENSON
Page 853

JAFFA
Page 836

MANO
Page 855

THEODORACOPULOS
Page 842

Independence Day Essays

At this season, as every year since 1976, we pause from current affairs and return to consideration of the American tradition. This year we are pleased to present essays by two eloquent authorities on the foundations of the Republic.

827 Understanding Alexander Hamilton
Often set down as an elitist and plutocrat, Hamilton was actually both conservative and revolutionary. He hoped to transform the nation by letting the national government act as the catalyst of trade; yet he relied, finally, not on the engine of self-interest, but on "the good sense and virtue of the people." *Forrest McDonald*

836 Another Look at the Declaration
Are all men created equal? It has been variously argued that the authors of the Declaration of Independence were fools or that they meant equality in some arcane sense. But a look at its surrounding documents—mainly Locke's *Second Treatise*—explains why Jefferson thought he was articulating "the common sense of the subject." *Harry V. Jaffa*

Articles & Columns

825 Eyes Only
White House strategists expect the Reagan campaign to peak early. In Detroit. *Neal B. Freeman*

826 November in Madrid
Ivan has to play catch-up ball if he means to be ready for the Helsinki review conference. *Brian Crozier*

842 A Sporting Chance?
The 1978 Belgrade karate championships gave us a likely preview of the Moscow Olympics: the hometown boys did great, according to the hometown judges. *Taki Theodoracopulos*

843 A Walk to Tibet
Few countries can be more exotic than Tibet, or have more tragic histories. *Francis B. Randall*

847 Reflections on the Draft
In the best of all possible worlds there would be no draft. But in this one? *Michael Novak*

Books Arts & Manners

848 **Joseph Sobran** gives a qualified salute to John Hart Ely's theory of judicial review. . . . Frank J. Donner deplores *The Age of Surveillance*. **Curtis Carroll Davis** deplores Frank J. Donner. . . . **Richard Brookhiser** welcomes a volume two of an Orwell bio. . . . Victor Nekipelov's memoir of a Soviet mental hospital comes forth just in time for his trial. **Adrian Karatnycky** commends it, as document and literature. . . . Steven Lehrer's irreverent history of medical discoveries amuses **Mitchell S. Ross**. . . . **Ruth Berenson** looks at who fleeced whom according to *Russian Art and American Money, 1900-1940*. . . . **D. Keith Mano** transcribes more wisdom from his remarkable dentist.

Letters	810
For the Record	815
The Week	816
Help!	834
From the Continent	841
The Lawmakers	846
Dark Horses	857
On the Right	860
Trans-O-Gram	862

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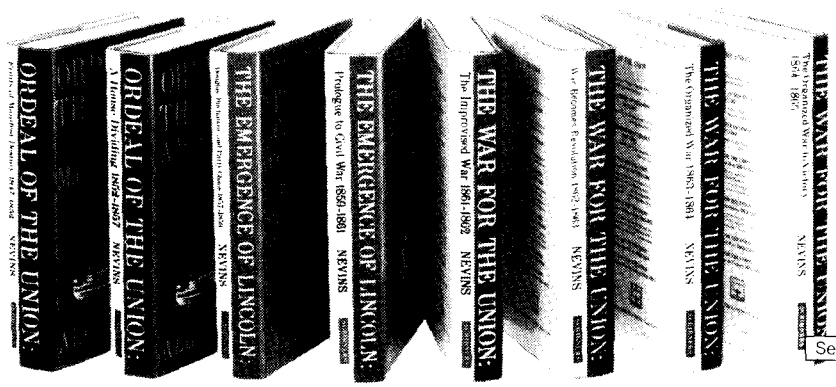
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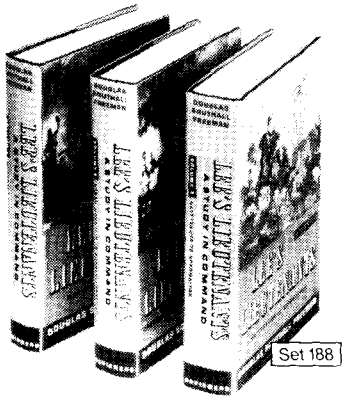

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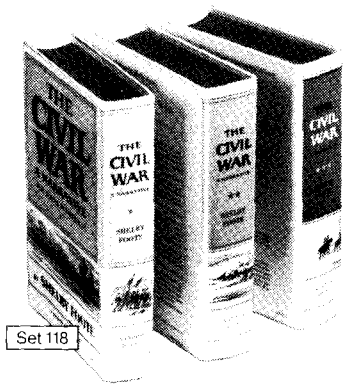

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Letters

Not So Strangled Cry

Donald Rumsfeld ["The U.S. in a Dangerous, Untidy World," June 27] culls the relevant figures and makes the relevant points—but is it news?

It seems to me that the thrust of Rumsfeld's analysis has become the conventional wisdom—that the U.S. needs to reassert itself globally (and soon)—while the tone of the piece still echoes with the cadences of the opposition. And it's not just Rumsfeld. *NR* in general still speaks with the voice of the struggling underdog. It's time to start sounding like what you are: the majority view.

Leah Brickner
Rodale, Calif.

Entomology

One of your editorials in the June 27 issue identified John Anderson as a WASP (white Anglo-Saxon Protestant). In fact, Mr. Anderson's true ethnic background is WISP (white immigrant Swedish Protestant).

Alexander Dupre
New Orleans, La.

Spoiler

In John Simon's review of *The Empire Strikes Back* [June 13] he gave away all of the secrets of the plot (including the big one). This is the equivalent of revealing the identity of "Rosebud" in *Citizen Kane* prior to that movie's release. Disliking a movie is no excuse to spoil it for those who haven't seen it.

Irene Garnett, Richard S. Croft,
Allen Lee Haslup, Michael Pruitt,
William Alan Ritch, Brad Linaweaver
Tallahassee, Fla.
Atlanta, Ga.

RIP Ruminations

Re Jeffrey Hart's "Henry Miller, RIP" [June 27], may I ask: Why? What did Miller ever do to deserve *NR*'s praise? (Or does the "RIP" here mean Roast in Perpetuity?) Miller was famous for nothing *but* smut: if it had not been *contraband* stuff, he wouldn't have been noticed at all. Without question, Miller was a prime mover in the "transformation" that has made pornography come to be considered what the First Amendment was designed to *promote*: can that possibly make him "an avatar of freedom" in *NR*'s book? How justify the mind-bogglingly gratuitous conclusion that anything whatever (or imaginable) could have made it "rather fitting" that America's most famous Dirty Old Man was "a neighbor of Ronald Reagan in Pacific Palisades, California"? My colleague, Ellen Wilson, wonders what can we expect when, say, Harold Robbins passes on? I dunno, but I sure hope he doesn't live anywhere near me.

J. P. McFadden
New York, N.Y.

Henry Miller was regarded as a major writer by such undiscerning critics as T.S. Eliot and Ezra Pound. All subjects whatsoever are properly available for treatment by the human imagination. —JH

Don't Blame Christianity

Michael Novak was proper in attacking the "Christian Politics" of Jimmy Carter ["The Failure of 'Christian Politics,'" May 16]. The particular theological perspective of the President has caused him to commit some significant blunders. However, may I hasten to say that a Christian worldview is not necessarily a liability in policy making: the *particular* worldview is the problem. The President, and some of his present and past advisors, advocate a position similar to current liberation theology, which in turn relies at several points on Marxism. Inherent in this ideology, to speak simply, is that all the rich (the oppressors) are bad (including rich nations) and all the poor (the oppressed) good (even when they burn and kill to achieve their aims). The President desires the United States to do penance for its "crimes" against these poor nations. As well, he naïvely holds to the basic goodness of man; e.g., the Soviet leaders are really good men seeking peace in the world.

An alternate Christian philosophy is possible. This view recognizes the full dignity of man (a creature of God) *and* the primary sinfulness of man. Leaders in government should recognize these two in tension. Military strength and law and order are proper responses to man's sinful tendencies.

Please do not equate Jimmy Carter's brand of Christianity with "Christian Politics" per se.

H. Wayne House
Assistant Professor, Biblical Studies
LeTourneau College
Longview, Tex.

Whose Bull?

Lynn Baker's informative article, "The Communist Assembly Line for Olympic Champions," [May 16] does the usual thing in comparing the total of U.S. Olympic medals to East Germany's. I think the comparison is being made with the wrong country.

Isn't it just possible that with an army of

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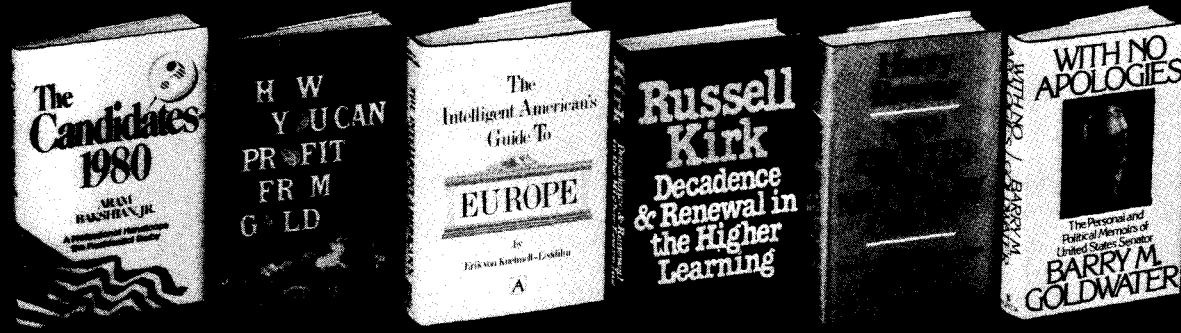
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occupation in its land (against which it is powerless) the wily Germans are more interested in tweaking the bear's nose than plucking at the eagle's feather?

Ed Watkins
Juneau, Alaska

Putting the Best Face on It

A footnote to the "For the Record" item [June 13] re the *New York Times* story that had George Bush pushing aside "the conservative NATIONAL REVIEW" with a grin, after dropping out of the presidential race. The implication left by the *Times* reporter was that Bush, in the words of your own account of the incident, no longer felt any "need to conciliate the GOP hardliners."

Not to make a federal case of what would seem to be a minor matter, but the *Times* coverage of that scene is the sort of sloppy reportage that leads to justifiable paranoia among conservatives when dealing with the new "insightful" political journalism.

I happened to be in the room when Bush, his eye falling on a magazine with a full-face picture of John Anderson on the cover, pushed it aside with the comment, "I sure don't need to look at *this* anymore," meaning—as everyone present but the *Times* reporter interpreted the remark—Anderson's face, not the magazine. That the magazine happened to be *NR* was incidental; that the *Times*man chose to report the remark as a slap at one of George Bush's favorite magazines was, to put the best light on it, careless.

Vic Gold
Falls Church, Va.

Midnight Knock

I was truly delighted to find myself described as an "upscale scofflaw" for my rude treatment of the U.S. Census form ["Cato," May 16].

When I found my feeble arms scarcely able to support its vast bulk, my simple mind unable to grasp its complexity, and my free spirit unable to abide its bureaucratic intrusiveness, I sent it back with a suggestion as to where it might best be placed.

Your article makes it clear that I have ample and respected company as I quietly await the midnight knock upon my door. Although it is but a matter of time until I am trundled off to jail, I fear not, for thou, dear Cato, art with me.

Charles N. Erskine
Redwood City, Calif.

More Shroudiana

Father Filas's coin image on the Shroud of Turin ["Blanketing the Shroud," May 30] partakes somewhat of the nature of patterns in wallpaper or clouds. I've looked at the slides he made, which he claims show the coin. The markings do resemble to some extent an astrologer's staff and certain Greek letters, especially if you use your imagination to fill in, but certainty is in the eye of the beholder.

One of the objectives of the American scientists who traveled to Turin in the fall of 1978 to do tests on the actual Shroud was to obtain good-quality closeup photographs of the eye area. Their interest was piqued when a VP-8 image analyzer appeared earlier to reveal discs on the eyes. The scientists are still analyzing their mountain of data, and until their findings are published, the coin image can be no more than a theory or working hypothesis. Nevertheless, it is heartening that after more than a year and a half, the scientists, on their own say-so, have turned up

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nothing that casts doubt on the Shroud's authenticity.

Robert C. de Camara
Lancaster, Pa.

As a student of ancient religious thought, I find it astonishing that the appearance of the image of a Roman coin over the "eye" of the figure on the Turin Shroud—if indeed such a thing is really there—could lead anyone to conclude that the image is that of Jesus. Surely if the person allegedly portrayed on the Shroud were Jewish, he would have been buried with sacred Jewish coinage (the "Temple money" needed to purchase sacrifices, as secular money was not approved for such purposes) not with Roman coins over His eyes. If on the other hand the figure were that of Jesus, I find it absurd to imagine that the followers of Him who assaulted the money-changers in the Temple (who changed Roman money into sacred money, and made a profit at it) would have placed coins on His eyes at all, less still that they would have used Roman coins. The person, if it *is* a person, would almost certainly have to have been a Roman or a Greek. The astrologer's staff motif on the coin described would of course have been offensive to all Jews of the time too.

Professor Douglas J. Stewart
Brandeis University
Waltham, Mass.

Photographs reveal the image to be much more than a Rorshak-type image. As to Professor Stewart's hypotheses—they are interesting, but only interesting. The facts, as distinguished from hypotheses, point in an entirely different direction. —JH

Thanks, Padre

I'm afraid I must point out that the writer of one paragraph in "The Week" section of the May 30 issue is a bit rusty on his Latin declensions.

He writes: "Gloria Patri et Filii et cetera" instead of "Gloria Patri et *Filio*"—dative instead of genitive.

Reverend Christopher J. O'Toole, CSC
Cardinal Newman College
Saint Louis, Mo.

Attention Fred Silverman

Congratulations on Richard Shenkman's "Rescue by the Private Sector" [May 30]. It should be a major conservative project to bring this story to the general public. What a tonic to know that heroism, leadership, and effectiveness are still living American virtues. It is a natural for TV, movie, and theater.

Ernest G. Ovitz III
Atlanta, Ga.

Mr. Shenkman's piece was reprinted in the June 1 edition of The Washington Post. —MC

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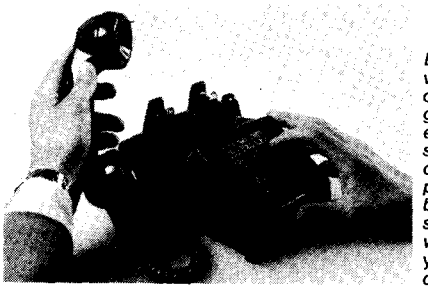

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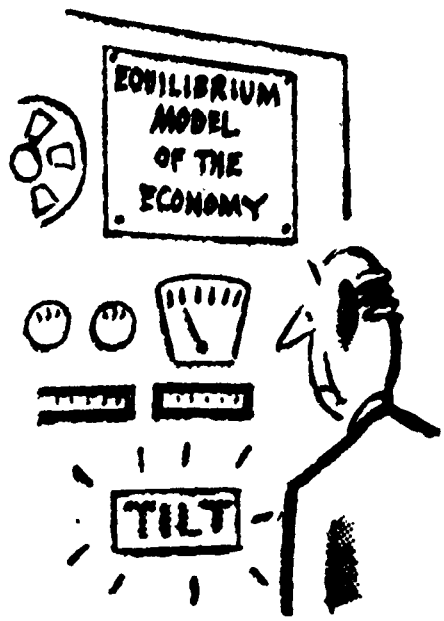
FOR THE RECORD

■ Is **Teddy Kennedy**'s old-line liberalism dead in the Democratic Party? **David Broder**, the astute *Washington Post* columnist, asks the question in a recent column and points to Sen. **Paul Tsongas** (D., Mass.—note the Mass.), keynoter at the ADA convention. Tsongas called on unions for greater productivity, called for tax credits for industry, told a startled assembly of aging, **John Kenneth Galbraith**, New-Deal/Fair-Deal types that attacking the big oil companies "is not the solution to the energy crisis." . . . The same things showed up at the Democratic platform negotiations, where the **Carterites**, in the majority to be sure, carried the day. The Kennedy planks they voted down included: a job program to offset recession; a timetable for national health insurance, wage and price controls, controls on oil and gas prices. They approved draft registration. The only plank the Kennedyites won was for a phase-out of nuclear power. . . . While **Carter** continues to draw ahead of Kennedy, he's in serious trouble against **Reagan**. Very latest poll (*NYTimes*/CBS News) shows Reagan 47 per cent to Carter 37. Among registered voters it's more lopsided, Reagan 49, Carter 36. In a three-way race it's Reagan 41, Carter 30, **John Anderson** 18 per cent. Anderson seems stuck between 18 and 20 per cent in all the polls.

■ Anderson is getting the business from all directions. The Communist *Daily World* (which fears he'll draw off votes from its superstars **Gus Hall** and **Angela Davis**) calls him a "clone" to Jimmy Carter. . . . The **AFL-CIO COPE** reminds union voters that on thirty issues it considered important in the past twenty years Anderson has voted "right" only once—the Voting Rights Act of 1965. . . . The **Democratic National Committee** has dug into Anderson's voting record, reminds liberal Democrats and independents that he has voted for the B-1 bomber, the neutron bomb, against food-stamp extensions, for **Kemp-Roth**. . . . Moneybags **Stewart Mott**, who was booted out of the Anderson campaign, says he is in charge of Lepers for Anderson these days. . . . Media whiz **David Garth** says Mott was trying to bring in the gang that "ran [**Eugene**] **McCarthy** into the ground in 1976." . . . And when New York Gov. **Hugh Carey** was asked whether he would be agreeable to an Anderson vice presidential nod, he replied: "I've got a good job and it pays more."



Shailo, *London Daily Telegraph* Rothco

■ Watcha Know: Two months ago when Sen. **Frank Church**—having taken a close look at the polls—started pedaling right, Sen. **George McGovern** was outraged. Church, he said, "has damaged his integrity" by an election-year flip-flop. . . . Last week, McGovern, the premier dove in the Senate, came out for the B-1 bomber, or a similar plane, having read that his Republican opponent, Rep. **Jim Abdnor**, was closing in. . . . In Colorado, establishmentarians got a shock when **Mary Estill Buchanan**, the most liberal of the GOP senatorial contenders, failed to get 20 per cent of the vote in the state convention. The remaining three Republican candidates in the Sept. primary (to take on Sen. **Gary Hart**) are **John Cogswell**, **Sam Zakhem**, and former Army Sec. **Bo Callaway**. . . . In Iowa, Rep. **Chuck Grassley** won a 2-to-1 victory in his Republican primary, is reported to be leading Sen. **John Culver** in the polls. . . . By all accounts, California Republican **Paul Gann** was hurt by the defeat of Prop. 9 (to cut income taxes in half); Democratic Sen. **Alan Cranston** remains well ahead. . . . Gov. **Dixy Lee Ray** of Washington was hurt by the **Mt. St. Helens** eruption: state rescue operations were slow. . . . **Evans & Novak** see three possible Republican takeovers of gubernatorial seats in November, including Dixy Lee Ray's. The others: Gov. **Joseph Teasdale**, Mo., Gov. **Jay Rockefeller** (the Democratic Rockefeller), W.Va. . . . New faces in House races: **Mark Green**, **Nader** Raider and former head of Nader's Congress Watch, has announced against Republican **William Green** on Manhattan's East Side, and **John LeBoutillier** (author of the much discussed *Harvard Hates America* a couple of seasons back) is taking on super-spender **Lester Wolff**, in New York's 6th CD.

■ Latest Behind-the-Curtain Jokes: A poster in Belgrade tourist office: "Visit the USSR before it visits you." . . . Soviet citizen **Nikolai** to **Vladimir**: "Why are our troops staying so long in Afghanistan?" Vladimir: "They're still looking for the people who invited them in."

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THE WEEK

■ Exactly ten years after the U.S. incursion into Cambodia, Vietnamese troops based in Cambodia have launched an incursion into Thailand. At last report, Kent State has yet to erupt.

■ *Time* magazine, May 22, 1950: "There was no disputing it: Harry Truman did well. He reduces the issues, said the *New York Times* admiringly, 'to town-size so any dirt farmer can understand them.' Harry Truman liked the people . . ." That, of course, was back in the good old simplistic days.

■ It has been estimated that each attempted "occupation" of the Seabrook nuclear power plant construction site in New Hampshire costs $750,000 in damages, construction delays, police and security force expenses. The last assault on Seabrook, sponsored by the Coalition for Direct Action ("direct" presumably meaning action which bypasses the rule of law), ended the patience of a number of New Hampshire citizens, who have filed suit against the CDA to recover the costs incurred. This has some CDA members rather anxious: the court may rule that they are personally liable. Ouch.

■ During the weekend of June 21 there were seven heads of state in Venice—and 1,700 journalists, including three hundred from the U.S. alone. Those figures describe pretty accurately the ratio between work and hoopla. The final "declaration" was several thousand words of hack officialese, but there was one startlingly significant passage, lucky Paragraph 13: "We underline the vital contribution of nuclear power to a more secure energy supply. The role of nuclear energy has to be increased if world energy needs are to be met. We shall, therefore, have to expand our nuclear generating capacity. We will continue to give the highest priority to ensuring the health and safety of the public and to perfecting methods of dealing with spent fuels and disposal of nuclear waste. We reaffirm the importance of ensuring the reliable supply of nuclear fuel and minimizing the risk of nuclear proliferation." Not a bad plank for the Republican platform.

■ The Big Berthas descended on Illinois this spring to lobby for ratification of the Equal Rights Amendment. Illinois is a big, liberal state, the only Northern industrial state not to have adopted ERA. It has a liberal Republican Governor, James Thompson, and two liberal senators, Republican Charles Percy and Democrat Adlai Stevenson III. Even more important, several times in the past the Illinois senate and the Illinois house have passed ERA—but never in the same year. If the logjam could be broken here, the battle might be won. The cannonade was fierce. Gloria and Betty and Eleanor and Rosalynn squared off against Phyllis. When the smoke cleared, the Illinois house had failed to ratify ERA by five votes. A defeat, but not a disaster, said ERA boosters. But in the longer view Illinois may have been decisive. Consider the chronology. The last state to ratify ERA was Indiana, in January 1977. In June 1978, aware that ratification by the necessary 38 states could not be achieved by the initial deadline of March 31, 1979, Congress extended the ratification deadline for three years, until June 30, 1982—the first time the ratification process has been given more than seven years. Congress went a step further and ruled that states could take any number of ratification votes but that any state that ratified ERA and then rescinded its ratification was out of order—a bit of legislative legerdemain that will certainly be tested in the courts if that becomes necessary. Since the extension of the ratification deadline two years ago, not a single state has voted for the 27th Amendment, and four—Kentucky, Idaho, Nebraska, and Tennessee—have voted to rescind. The count as of January 1977: 35 in favor, one rescission. The count as of June 1980: 35 in favor, five rescissions.

■ Calen Geer, former Marine and currently a free-lance journalist, returned from 11 days in rebel-held Afghanistan with more than just a news story. Geer simply collected and returned with Soviet military hardware believed unknown even to the CIA. Included in Geer's haul were a nerve-gas filter (tending to confirm reports of gas warfare), sticks of incendiary material far more lethal and gruesome than napalm, a hand-held missile launcher, and hollow-tipped bullets from the new Soviet assault rifle (such bullets blow large holes in people and are strictly forbidden by the Geneva Conventions). Geer gave a detailed briefing to Representative William Dickinson (R., Ala.), a member of the House Armed Services Committee, who expressed concern that "our intelligence community has been unable to gather as much information as a free-lance like Mr. Geer." Senator Church, you'd better look into Mr. Geer. Things are getting out of control again.

■ Western Europe's uncooperativeness with Mr. Carter's anti-Moscow feints is often attributed to our increasingly flabby profile in diplomacy and armaments. It is less often attributed to economic factors, perhaps because everyone still believes in what Henry

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

Those who read only the newly neo-conservative press might conclude, not unreasonably, that all the liberal activists have turned out the lights in the storefront and gone off to work for Gulf & Western. Not so, in truth. They are still here in impressive numbers and their chutzpah continues to amaze us one-foot-in-front-of-the-other types. The summer enthusiasm of the visceral Left, if you can believe it, is the ouster of Thurgood Marshall and William Brennan from the Supreme Court. Marshall's health has been failing for some time and Brennan's vigor is not what it used to be, but the motivation behind the campaign to force them from the high bench is anything but humanitarian. Plainly put, the motivation is to deny two lifetime appointments to the next President of the United States. For all its problems with James Earl Carter, the Left would prefer his signature on Court nominations to that of Ronald Wilson Reagan.

What amazes us, as we were saying, is that it seems not to matter to the activists that they are asking two of liberalism's most loyal servants to give up the work of a lifetime, and to give it up in a way that would degrade and devalue the reputations they have so carefully tended. If Marshall and Brennan were to resign in the middle of a presidential campaign, or immediately following a political decision by the American electorate, they would resign in disgrace. They would be confirming the darkest suspicions held by the Woodstrong school of Court observers.

■ We regret to report that "I am not senile" has already achieved *Bartlett's*-level status, taking its place alongside such resonant statements as the oft-recalled "I am not a crook" and the unforgettable "I will never lie to you."

■ Surely, *surely*, there exists a member of the national press who will someday ask one, *one*, question about John B. Anderson. Almost any question will do, anything to indicate that his free pass has been held up for administrative review. To ask that it be revoked altogether would be asking too much, apparently.

You see, Anderson is the Alternative, which is to be distinguished from the Viable Alternative. As far as the knights of the keyboard are concerned, the former is to be observed, the latter interrogated. On the off-chance that a national reporter can find a sidebar in the story of who John Anderson is and what he is really up to, we offer these questions for starters:

1. Is he an honest man?
2. Is his health good?
3. What about his mental health?
4. Has he ever demonstrated administrative competence?
5. What is the nature of his experience in foreign affairs?
6. Who among those who know him best—his congressional colleagues of twenty years—is supporting him?
7. And why not?

■ Senator Richard Lugar (R., Ind.) has received more ink in the last month than he has received in the last five years. Unhappily for him. With the national media peering at him, he led the fight for aid to Nicaragua last month, winning in the process the undisguised contempt of his conservative allies. The Lugar-for-Veep balloon was spotted sinking over the Potomac shortly thereafter.

The current one-week wonder in the veepstakes is Senator John Warner (R., Va.). He is an attractive freshman who has surprised homestate skeptics by staying on the good side of Virginia's senior senator (and political lodestar), Harry Byrd. Warner won't make any mistakes as egregious as Lugar's, but we must admit that we have trouble seeing Ronald Reagan and Elizabeth Taylor on the same ticket.

■ Convention buffs will see an old favorite turn up at the GOP extravaganza in Detroit. Over the Memorial Day weekend, Mississippi's Clarke Reed survived a tough challenge in his bid for re-election as a Republican National Committeeman. The national media, in paragraph-length coverage, depicted the contest as a victory for the Fordist Reed over a bitter-ending Reaganite minority. Not quite, according to Hastings Wyman, who covers Southern politics from the nation's capital. In the Mississippi GOP, there are two factions, those who are for Reagan and those who have been for Reagan since *Death Valley Days*. Reed did in fact win—with 56 per cent of the vote—but there was more sympathy than ideology reflected in the final tally: Reed was injured in a plane crash shortly before the state convention and was still in a body cast at the time of the balloting.

—CATO

Kissinger promised as the fruit of detente: East-West trade would draw Moscow into entangling alliances with the West. Well: 25 per cent of West Germany's capital goods production is sold to the Communist bloc now; Christian Stoffaes of France's Ministry of Trade says France is now "dependent" on trade with the Soviet bloc, and even admits that Soviet purchases are based on political calculations. Before long, a pipeline running from western Siberia will supply West Germany, France, Italy, and the Low Countries with 10 to 20 per cent of their natural gas. Mr. Kissinger was right: trade does lead to entanglement. But it looks as if the West is the birdie in the snare.

■ It is safe to say that every statesman, politician, and diplomat occasionally deviates from the strict truth. But there is something qualitatively distinctive about the Soviet employment of the outright lie, and this is worth some reflection. Small item. In a closed session of the Soviet Central Committee, Leonid Brezhnev announced that "imperialist interventionists" had suffered a serious defeat in Afghanistan. No *reply* is really possible to such a characteristic Soviet statement. At the deepest level, does this style of discourse reflect the war that exists between reality on the one hand and totalitarian ideology on the other? Perhaps. But it surely reflects a settled Soviet attitude toward what used to be called "dialogue." If language has no relationship to reality, what is there to dialogue about?

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■ According to French Foreign Minister Jean-Francois Poncet, "Europe has grown into a partner, which is economically, scientifically, and industrially equal to the United States and wishes to be treated so." Wonderful. It's been a long time since Anthony Eden's Suez expedition, and we've been patiently waiting for this blessed condition of equality. It follows from M. Poncet's thesis that it's time to take another look at Senator Mansfield's proposals about bringing U.S. forces home. Or the substitution of French for American forces in the Indian Ocean. *Merci! Non! Impossible. Pardonnez-moi, s'il vous plaît.*

■ It's Doctor Huey Newton now, baby, as the aging Black Panther got his degree at UCal, Santa Cruz. Newton's field: the history of consciousness. His PhD thesis: "War against the Panthers: A Study of Repression in America," which thesis is "very good," according to Trilokj Pandey, one of Newton's profs. *Gaudeamus igitur.*

■ A certain gentleman named Bill Stout has a proposal which, if carried out, he believes would earn him not only the Nobel Peace Prize, but the Man of the Year award from the Iowa Pork Producers Association. Briefly, Mr. Stout wants to drop hundreds of pigs on Teheran. Since porkers are thought to be the filthiest creatures on earth by Khomeini-type Moslems, Mr. Stout envisions screaming crowds fleeing the creatures, and a quick conciliation from an aggrieved ayatollah. Best of all, the pig-drop would not cost a single human life. "The point is that pigs are terribly offensive to Moslems," Stout avers, "and while we believe in this country in respect for the religious beliefs of others, that is not the way they do things in the Islamic republic. None of the usual rules apply, as they have shown by imprisoning our people and carrying out their garbage in our flag." Well said, Mr. Stout, and pig-drops are not covered in SALT I or II.

■ Four years after Jimmy Carter made a campaign promise to bolster the ailing institution of the family, the White House Conference on Families (WHCF), a series of three conferences costing $3 million in taxpayers' money, has been launched with a great amount of hoopla. During the first two conferences, groups described as "arch-conservatives" walked out to protest what they thought was a stacked convention. Originally, the WHCF allowed 30 per cent of the delegates to be elected, 30 to be appointed, and the rest to be selected by either method. When most of the 70 per cent of Virginia's delegates who were elected turned out to be "arch-conservative," WHCF officials stipulated that no other state could elect more than 30 per cent, the rest to be appointed by WHCF. The results so far? Resolutions in favor of abortion on demand, the Equal Rights Amendment, national health insurance, elimination of discrimination against homosexuals, and a guaranteed annual income. Three million bucks for Snoresville.

■ A couple of writers in Poland have been tried for and convicted of owning a mimeograph machine, which is illegal in Poland, as it is in all the progressive nations.

■ Former President Nixon is delighted with the new bathroom in his office, according to the *Village Voice*. The work was done by the Karma Construction Company, bohemian types who painted exotic mantras on the drywall "so he can be reborn to help others." Then they covered it with tile. Hope it still works.

■ So economical are the Senate's dining facilities that they ran up a deficit of only $760,930 last year, $7,609.30 per senator, notwithstanding that senators pay for their meals.

Jimmy's Moral Universe

Every nation ought to be
Moving toward democracy,
Though among its people, none
Ever heard of Jefferson.
That is why I kicked the Shah
Into his parabola;
Why I dug Somoza's hole
And I'm leaning so on Seoul.
Though I lost Iran, and though
Pakistan may also go,
Everything will be okay
Once we get to Judgment Day.

W. H. VON DREELE

Fumbling for the Key

Great strategists, wrote James Burnham, concentrate on the key to the situation—the action or effort on which the success of their strategy depends. In all else, they may be indolent, or they may busy themselves with a hundred details, according to temperament. But they focus their attention on the key.

The strategic key in American politics these days is the economic and military integrity of the United States—though from listening to the vice presidential talk in the Republican Party, you wouldn't know it. Several moderate possibilities—chiefly Howard Baker, and to a lesser extent George Bush—are held to be

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unacceptable because of their positions on various issues—abortion, the Panama Canal, ERA. Some New Right politicos have threatened to sit on their hands if Reagan chooses a "bad" running-mate, and the Right-to-Life Party—currently the fourth largest on New York's multi-party ballot—may pick its own slate if Reagan chooses, for example, Baker.

The most obvious thing wrong with single-issue politics is that it wouldn't even benefit the particular causes involved. The only possible effect of an independent Right-to-Life candidacy, for instance, would be to hurt the only major candidate who supports the right to life—to ensure four more years of a pro-abortionist in the White House. In the same spirit, bitter-end abolitionists proposed that the North secede from the Union. Political stuntmanship can soothe troubled consciences and bolster organizational morale, but it doesn't do much for slaves, or the unborn child.

Most important, it neglects the key to the situation. The broad political trend in this part of the twentieth century is socialist, toward the usurpation of individual and social action by the state. The only country capable of standing up to the Communist incarnation of this tendency is the United States. The chief source of cultural and intellectual resistance to the liberal incarnation of this tendency is, once again, the United States. The success of all our favorite political projects depends on the strength and survival of America. The Soviet Union has no right-to-life movement.

Donato, *Toronto Sun* Rothco

Ramsey Clark

The Incredible Sinking Man

Once again, pollsters are having trouble finding Jimmy Carter. This is his fifth disappearing act in four years.

Carter, it will be remembered, lost the last five Democratic primaries in 1976 to such electoral powerhouses as Frank Church and the Bodhisattva Brown. He then went on to blow a thirty-point lead over the blandest incumbent since William Howard Taft.

He plummeted again in the days before Camp David, then resumed his descent until party regulars were begging the senator from Chappaquiddick, no less, to save them from electoral disaster. This was too much for Democratic voters; but after Kennedy had been safely disposed of, Carter fell back into his old habits, dropping a clutch of last-round primaries. Not even Houdini was buried so many times.

Yet each of these plunges was preceded by an equally giddy rise—during the early crowded days of the 1976 primaries; after the Kansas City Republican convention; after Camp David; during the hostage crisis.

A pattern emerges. So long as the public's attention is focused wholly or partly on other people—Wallace, Udall, Ford, Reagan, Begin, Sadat, Khomeini, Kennedy—Carter does well. As soon as Carter moves into the limelight, he withers. Carter knows this; much of his political genius consists in making himself vague or inaccessible. His double-talk on abortion gave him an important boost in the 1976 Iowa caucuses. This time around, he hid in the Rose Garden while Kennedy ranted and blundered.

Moral for Reagan: tell the voters what you plan to achieve, but also focus a blow-torch of publicity on what Carter hasn't.

Staying Current

"A summer afternoon" was called—
  By Henry James, who ought to know—
Our language's most lovely words,
  But that was very long ago.
Today, "a grant from Washington"
  Has overtaken James's phrase.
It makes an Iacocca drool
  And Mayor Koch's eyeballs glaze.

W. H. von Dreele

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South African Bind

The beginning, if one can be pinpointed, was a boycott of classes by mixed-race (or, in local terminology, Colored) pupils in a segregated suburb of Cape Town. Despite a self-appointed adult committee's assertion of responsibility, the boycott was at first generally regarded as a juvenile caper. Mass truancy, however, escalated into rock-throwing, rampaging through shopping centers, pillage, and arson. *Pari passu*, as trouble intensified and spread, South African police, consisting of components drawn from all races in the vicinity, were patient and standoff, edgy and reactive, then fatigued and violent—in a progression from warnings, sticks, and rubber bullets to birdshot and, finally, genuine ammunition. In the upshot, a doleful total of casualties was rung up. South Africa's media were dispassionate in reporting the disruption and subdued in editorializing on it. Government spokesmen, while stern, avoided bluster. Opposition politicians were condemnatory.

The asserted triggering grievance consisted of disparities in educational opportunities and equality. As a conclusion inferrable therefrom: South Africa is in a bind. Primary, secondary, and advanced education high in quality and generally available is a hallmark of opulent societies. South Africa seems to be such a society in some manifestations and is customarily judged as such. In per capita figures, however, South Africa stands appreciably below levels of affluence prevailing among the industrially advanced nations of Western Europe and North America. The ratio of school-age youngsters to taxpayers in the population as a whole, for example, is dauntingly high. Even the privileged whites are not long removed, in the main, from being a rural proletariat. The whites take care to bring along their upcoming generation in schools. Leftover resources go to helping educate nonwhites. Notwithstanding a demonstrable progressive narrowing, inequalities across the board—in textbooks, equipment, buildings, and teachers—remain pronounced.

The teacher aspect is illustrative. In nonwhite schools, the pupil-to-teacher ratio varies from huge to unmanageable. At a rough approximation, a tripling of teachers is needed. More and more teachers *are* being trained at state expense. The trouble is that the bulk of them gets drained away into higher-paying jobs in commerce and industry. Tripling pay rates would probably save them for pedagogy—but three times as much pay for three times as many teachers, multiplying that item in the budget by nine times, isn't really feasible. How to remedy other disparities appears similarly baffling when one gets to the arithmetic of the situation. Responsible and senior figures in the nonwhite sectors comprehend the magnitude of the problem and the obduracy of the arithmetic, but the young tend to press for wholesale solutions now—and never mind the numbers. The problem as a whole gets swallowed up in the deeper difficulties basic to that congeries of cultures. Charts, however rational, projecting equalization of education among South Africa's ethnic groups some time hence in the twenty-first century, are too hypothetical to assuage the current decade's mounting angers.

Israeli Expansionism And U.S. Interests

The UN Security Council flashed a red light against Israel's pre-emptions in the West Bank and East Jerusalem. Then President Carter reneged on his previous assent to the resolution. The signal conveyed by that flip-flop—it occurred seven policy foulups ago—was to this effect: the light was green to Israeli expansion so far as the U.S. was concerned. Prime Minister Begin promptly announced that he was moving his office to East Jerusalem, i.e., to territory under dispute. Whether, except for the President's backtracking, the UN resolution would have daunted Menahem Begin's aggressiveness with its claim of theocratic sanction—may be doubted. The Begin government's headstrong opportunism, nevertheless, is a reproach to the President's equivocation in first approving but then undercutting an attempt to give pause to recklessness.

No one can say with certainty that a show of some tractability by Begin would stimulate moderate Arab regimes to coax Palestinian Arabs, including radical elements, into accepting Israel's existence and accepting, under a rubric of self-determination, something less than the status of a polity with armed forces of its own and authority to conduct foreign policy. What seems certain is that Israel's current attitude and actions preclude any testing of such possibilities. The effect can only be to leave the Camp David peace process—so enthusiastically hailed when set in motion two years ago—stranded, as it were, on first base.

It would be futile to echo the Common Market governments' recent interposition in the impasse. It amounts to no more than an exercise in declaratory policy—a stately utterance which in effect only poses a rhetorical question: wouldn't it be nice if all parties to the contentious issues would relegate their animosities to the unhappy past.

Doubts concerning the prudence of the Begin government's course are being manifested within Israel itself. Whether they can gather enough weight to force a change of regime and policy is highly uncertain—especially in view of the rigidities of the governing

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structure. Political considerations inhibit the U.S., now Israel's main and indeed sole sponsor in international politics, from pressing for an alteration of its course. Senator Adlai E. Stevenson's recent bold try to apply even minimal pressure—by proposing a marginal reduction in the $2.2 billion for Israel in an aid authorization bill—was snowed under. An end to the impediments before November—significantly, Senator Stevenson has bowed out as a candidate for re-election—is not in the cards.

No Wimps, No Mush

The neutron bomb will be built, not by the United States, but by France.

The French have come to their decision after a long strategic debate, still not completely resolved. President Giscard d'Estaing and his party want the high-radiation, low-blast weapon to counter Russian tank sweeps through Western Europe's heavily urbanized countryside. The Gaullists, however, point out that Soviet military doctrine calls for sending in the tanks only after a crippling nuclear strike. "Why should the Soviets give up the effect of surprise they would get from their SS-20 missiles?" asked General Pierre Gallois, developer of Charles de Gaulle's nuclear strategy. "If they massed one hundred tank divisions, that would give NATO time to react." Though the Gaullists have finally endorsed the idea of a French neutron bomb, they would prefer new nuclear submarines instead.

The political meaning of the French decision is clear, and it is the same meaning, curiously enough, as that of Giscard d'Estaing's meeting with Brezhnev last month. The United States is the nominal leader of the Free World, in diplomacy and in war. But President Carter's leadership in both areas has been feeble. He got a bad SALT treaty, and he caved in to a Soviet propaganda campaign against an American neutron bomb. With the election looming, he will be concentrating entirely on what he does best—lying to voters. When America goes on automatic pilot, the Allies must look out for themselves.

Father Dudko Recants

"I have seen that I yielded to those propaganda voices that are directed at undermining our system. I repudiate what I have done and assess my so-called struggle against Godlessness as a struggle against the Soviet power."

Thus Father Dmitri Dudko, Orthodox priest and leading Christian dissident. He also denounced Christopher Wren, former Soviet correspondent of the *New York Times*, for inducing him to take what he called "anti-Soviet, slanderous positions."

Father Dudko read his statement on television—a sign of a portentous change in the Soviet handling of dissent. For many years Soviet officials refused to give their dissenters media attention and, to prevent their getting it abroad, avoided criminal procedures, preferring to whisk them off to mental hospitals. When men like Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn and Andrei Sakharov got international notice anyway, other methods had to be found. Anatoly Shcharansky received a trial, a gesture aimed at defying Western opinion; he is now going blind in a labor camp. But with the Dudko recantation, the Soviets appear to be returning to the Stalin way.

Father Dudko was arrested in January. Heaven and, no doubt, Hell know what means were used to break him: isolation, drugs, beatings, sleeplessness, cold, torture, threats against family and friends—some combination of these, surely. And the Soviets are quite willing for all of us, Russian and American, to draw our conclusions about how his statement was extorted. For them it is enough that they have won their brutal victory over the spirit of a brave man. At least let it be noted that it took them five months to do it. He had already spent eight years in a labor camp.

Time Misses the Point

Oddly missing from *Time*'s wide-ranging, colorful special issue on the Soviet Union: analytical focus, a sense of the regime's *raison d'être*. Every area of Soviet life was treated as a distinct and autonomous "department," as in the West. A page on law, medicine, education, and so forth, but without much thought on the meaning of their thorough politicization. Discussion of economic woes in tones implying that these might concern Soviet rulers as they would democratic leaders.

Big giveaway: only a single page was given to the KGB. The KGB is more than a section, even a big section, of the state: it's *the* defining institution of the Soviet Union. Without the KGB, the USSR would be a very different entity. The KGB gives even private life the special claustrophobic quality it has under Communism. *Time* mentioned a number of atrocities, to be sure—the Ukrainian dissident who was found dead last year, his eyes gouged out—but any old tyranny might have done that. Here is a much more common kind of atrocity, one that typifies Soviet life, as recounted by John Barron in his excellent book on the KGB:

> In the village of Dubrovy, Byelorussia, in April 1966, plainclothesmen dragged two sisters, Galya and Shura

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Sloboda, aged eleven and nine, from their classroom. Ivan, their father, who was working near the schoolhouse, heard his daughters' screams and ran to help them. The plainclothesmen shoved him away, and when he held onto their car as it started off, they beat his hands until he fell to the ground. The screams of the two girls so unnerved the driver that he gunned the engine to muffle them. When the car stopped, one of the girls jumped out and ran toward home, but the plainclothesmen caught her. The driver recalled that by the time they arrived at the district capital of Vitebsk, the girls were so exhausted they could only whimper. The Slobodas had become Baptist believers, and for that reason alone the KGB took away the two eldest of their five children.

Galya and Shura escaped from the state orphanage in January 1968 and made their way home. Their parents successfully hid them from a search party, but authorities later abducted them from school and transported them back to the state institution.

On December 11, 1968, their mother was sentenced to four years in a concentration camp because of her religious activities. According to recent accounts, the authorities have also taken away the three youngest Sloboda children. Apparently recognizing their earlier mistake in permitting Galya and Shura to stay together, they dispersed the five children in separate orphanages. To tidy up the case, the KGB confiscated Ivan Sloboda's radio through which he had heard religious broadcasts from the West.

Many, perhaps most, of the children in Soviet "orphanages" are there because their parents prayed to the wrong Deity. This is a matter of state policy. It doesn't have to happen often to take an unfathomable toll on national life and consciousness. The victims are not just Christian parents, but all parents. And it applies to all other areas of human activity: economics, art, sports, travel, etc. The reach of the KGB of course extends powerfully abroad as well.

In their novel *The Spike*, Arnaud de Borchgrave and Robert Moss suggest that a kind of taboo exists in the West against noticing KGB activity. Though an exciting and provocative book, *The Spike* has been ignored by nearly all the major book reviewers. Unlike the Gestapo during the 1930s, the KGB is not hot copy. Still, the book has hit the best-seller lists. Apparently a good many people are ready to take notice.

Hungry and Tough

The victory of Roberto Durán over Sugar Ray Leonard is only the most spectacular instance of a recent trend: many boxing titles seem to be migrating south of the border.

From the sport's early days in America it has been dominated by the culturally and economically marginal. First the Irish were the tough guys; later came Italians, Jews, and other more recent immigrants, as the Irish were moving up in the world; and more recently blacks, the last major group to be assimilated, have held sway.

But even black fighters are less and less the stolid sluggers traditionally associated with the sport. Sugar Ray Leonard is an articulate man, a fine ring technician who can also handle his own business affairs. It may be a sign of the times that an increasing number of American fighters of all backgrounds are so thoroughly middle-class. It's encouraging to see.

Still, the fight game belongs to the hungry; and most of the really hungry fighters nowadays hail from Latin America. Nobody exemplifies that better than Durán, who is hungry as a tiger is hungry. He has a solid history of questioning the virtue of opponents' mothers, and his post-fight taunting of Leonard was wholly in character.

In a famous tribute to the common English soldier, Samuel Johnson observed that what was insolence in peace was bravery in war. Perhaps the country lacks its share of insolence in a world of hungry fighters. But Leonard was far from demolished. He stood up well to the man many think the world's best boxer; the decision stirred lots of argument; and his first defeat may just ignite the fire he will need for the rematch.

A Unisex Bible

It had to happen and it has.
With nuns in skirts and Sunday jazz,
The next installment is to blur
The Fatherhood of God with Her.
But though they edit Moses to
A prophet-person, don't be blue.
They're still obliged to sink or swim
With 12 disciples (male) and Him.

W. H. VON DREELE

The End of Sanjay Gandhi

Indira's son Sanjay was a major crook who avoided a long stretch in the slammer when his mother moved back into power. As her presumptive political heir, he was the second most powerful political figure in India, his commercial ventures numerous and stretching out to the further shores of conspicuous corruption. Those in India who had excellent reasons to hate and fear Sanjay were as numerous as the sands along the shores of the Indian Ocean, and since his fatal plane crash last week, they have been sleeping a lot more peacefully.

Gandhi was an experienced pilot, with over seven

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hundred hours in the air. His light plane is reported to have exploded before crashing not far from his mother's palatial residence. Indian authorities, reasonably enough, have expressed skepticism that the crash was an accident. The investigation, however, is being hampered by certain special difficulties. Ordinarily, the police first look for a motive. In this case, however, the conception of a plausible motive narrows the field down to something like 100 million people.

Harper's, R I P

Harper's magazine was indeed present at the creation of what was called until very recently, by friend and foe alike, the American Empire. It was founded by the Harper brothers in 1850—the year slavery was outlawed in the District of Columbia—as a sort of spinoff from their publishing house; the idea was to transplant the then-popular format of the European literary magazine to American soil, and see if it would grow there. It did: within six months circulation stood at fifty thousand copies. Among the authors it eventually published over the next three-quarters of a century were Mark Twain, Charles Dickens, William Thackeray, Joseph Conrad, Brand Whitlock, Willa Cather, and Sherwood Anderson.

Increasingly, the magazine added social and political commentary to *belles-lettres*, and it became almost as much a participant in, as an observer of, the unfolding of the American continent, the quickening of a civilization wholly new in the world. And always, it spoke in Establishment tones. After the Civil War it sounded rather Mugwumpish, and the Establishment it represented was admittedly on the wane; by the turn of the century, however, it had acquired a strong Progressive tinge and entered wholeheartedly into the dominant mood of the times, best described perhaps as a kind of positivistic liberalism. This more or less was its stance until the late 1960s, when Willie Morris came North, found New York good, adopted many of its more scornful and lugubrious prejudices, and incorporated them into the magazine. His successor, Robert Shnayerson, was more cautious, less flamboyant; he sailed *Harper's* in relatively quiet waters from 1971 until 1976, when Lewis H. Lapham assumed the Easy Chair, and the editorship.

Lapham took over at a time when bright young men in America were discovering most liberal wars fought (and lost), all liberal pieties dead. And yet . . . he had a hard time bearing witness to many old truths. He loathed the hypocrisy, complacency, and, yes, *affluence* of the Liberal Establishment, yet he also despised its enemies. The rumor in New York publishing circles was that he had never forgiven his father for being wealthy, and that his own more-than-affluent upbringing had soured him forever on capitalism.

Harper's was never actually a nest of boosters, but without really trying it had always been in some way acquiescent in the country's more expansive moods. It is no coincidence that it was for years readily associated with happenings in the American West, and that two of its most famous editors were Westerners —Bernard De Voto and John Fischer. But with Morris the magazine fell into the handwringing characteristic of the Northeast; and Lapham, though no Morris, was ultimately unable to reverse the trend. Although he boasted of seeking out and publishing conflicting opinions, leaving it to the reader as a grownup to "think for himself," one had the feeling that many of the contributors could not think for *themselves*; that they had been grinding their axes, and their teeth, for so many years that their faces had frozen forever in horrible grimace. (See, for instance, John Chabot Smith's review of Allen Weinstein's *Perjury*; Wilfred Burchett's piece on Frank Snepp's *Decent Interval*.)

Ultimately, all the boasting merely covered up the fact that Lapham was temperamentally incapable of going forward into neo-conservatism, just as he was incapable of backsliding into liberalism. He himself saw the U.S. as "the spoiled child of the Western world" (in Henry Fairlie's phrase), and *Harper's* theme became, ineluctably, the decline and fall of America. Whether or not this was negativism, it was perceived by many potential subscription constituencies to be irrelevant and irritating: a kind of perverse determination to be present at, even an agent of, the destruction.

—C. WILLIAMSON

Notes & Asides

■ Dear William:

Your humor and quotes are the greatest. Governor Reagan will be favored over Carter 3 to 2 at post time.

Hope we meet somewhere.

Sincerely,
Jimmy the Greek

Dear Jimmy: Were you ever wrong? Cordially,
Las Vegas Bill

■ 23 April 1980

Dear "Bill":

Today is a bit late for me to receive my March 7 copy of *NR*. But today it came through.

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It's a bit late to read about Connally "Marching through Georgia." My displeasure over the delayed delivery is somewhat offset by the following:

Large thumbprints (smudges) on pages 266, 267, 293. A badly wrinkled page 281 (folded over—for further reference???????).

I do hope that the POD employee enjoyed MY copy; profited by reading the page-266 article "Chappaquiddick, Yet"; and, better yet, will subscribe to *NR*, as the subscription form is missing. Or did he/she remove it to prevent someone else from subscribing?

Sincerely yours,
D. M. King
U.S. Army (Ret.)
West Palm Beach, Fla.

Dear "Colonel King": Sorry about that. Cordially,
"Bill"

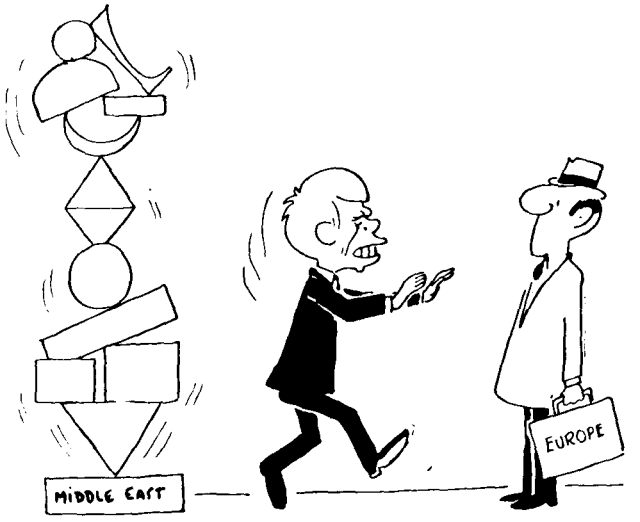
■ Memo to: Bill
From: Priscilla
Re: Articles

Kevin and I have been taking inventory of the articles we now have on file and find that there are a great many too many of them—not in itself an unusual circumstance, but this time we are *really* overloaded.

Several causes for the imbalance. We devoted an entire issue last year to the nuclear power controversy, which was followed within minutes by meltdown at Three Mile Island, which was followed by a torrent of articles in *NR* explaining what really happened, all of which took up space. Last fall we took the decision to hit hard and often on the SALT controversy and rang in a number of lengthy articles on the subject. And of course this spring we have run a series of articles by Rick Brookhiser on the presidential candidates, sopping up very nearly thirty article pages.

What concerns Kevin and me particularly is that, with the file containing some pieces accepted as long as a year ago, we have been ruthless recently in turning down any article that isn't of immediate, and important, news interest. This sudden slamming of the door could well demoralize some of our contributors who are accustomed to having one out of two, say, of their articles accepted and suddenly find that *NR* is rejecting everything they send in. Is it true, as we tell them, that we have too many articles on file? Or, they wonder—writers being writers—am I losing my touch?

Perhaps some mention of this dilemma should be made in the magazine. Kevin and I will try to be more coordinated in sending manuscripts up to you hereafter.



Padry, *Le Hérisson* Rothco

"Don't touch! It's my masterpiece!"

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

This is a letter of praise. I have been meaning to write you for some time now.

YOU ARE ALL DOING A GREAT JOB! KEEP IT UP!

I should know. Just now I sat down and counted the changes of address I have put you and my family through since I subscribed to *NR* in 1967. As near as I can remember, there have been 19 of them.

Your work is astoundingly good. *NR* is always the first mail I get at each place with the new address on it. However you are doing it, don't change a thing.

If I were in charge there, I would give all of the people in your circulation department a BIG RAISE.

Your devoted fan,
Leigh F. Wade
Houston, Tex.

P.S. (No, I'm not related to anyone in your office.)

Dear Mr. Wade (please forward): Many thanks.
WFB

■ Memo to: WFB
From: Frances Bronson

A man named Randy Sadat called this moring with a message for you: "William the Conqueror: Captain Richard Belt I, U.S. Navy, Ret., his wife, and his son, Richard II, are in a torture chamber. You have taken three human lives. Please do not take any more. Go on television and to the press—what have you got to lose? Stay away from Richard Helms or anyone who might know him. Keep your cotton-picking hands off all improper Bostonians."

Frances: If Mr. Sadat calls, tell him I'll confine myself from now on to proper Bostonians. —**WFB**

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The Current WISDOM

Eyes Only

NEAL B. FREEMAN

Memo to: The President
From: HJ
Subject: The Campaign
Date: June 18, 1980

I WILL DIVIDE this report into three sections, in the order of their priority—Reagan, Anderson, Kennedy.

1. Reagan is just about where we thought he would be at this point in the campaign. He has secured the nomination (a bit earlier than we had expected, but also a bit less impressively) and he has most of his party behind him. On the basis of reports from our regional directors, the Republican convention should go smoothly, perhaps too smoothly for our friends in the media. They will be looking for—and will doubtless find—tempests to stir the teapot. (We will have a small "observation post" operation in Detroit to assist in this effort.) It is also likely, our sources suggest, that Reagan will not pick his strongest running-mate, Baker, but will go with somebody more acceptable to the GOP right wing. (Neither Bob nor Tim nor I can believe that Reagan will go with Lugar, however. The consensus view is that the Lugar talk is designed for Washington consumption only, with its special impact on the Minority Leader's office. Not even Ronald Reagan would pick a political unknown from a safe Republican state.)

Despite the one-day stories that will flow out of Detroit, and despite the potential for self-inflicted wounds in the vice presidential selection, Reagan will come out of Detroit looking strong. Indeed, in line with our campaign plan drafted last fall, we expect the Reagan campaign to peak on July 17, the day he delivers his set-piece acceptance speech. Gallup and Harris data released the following week will probably show him with a lead in the 8 to 14 range. This "surge" will energize our campaign staff—and important parts of the Executive Branch bureaucracy—and will provide the political platform for Rafshoon's post-Labor Day commercials. (I have reviewed the storyboards for his Reagan commercials and can assure you that they are as tough and effective as anything he has ever done, though they would be perceived as too negative if Reagan were down and almost out in the polls.) Obviously, we would prefer to lie in the weeds and let Reagan open a 10- to 20-point lead over the summer, but until Kennedy gets all the way out (see below), we will have to campaign hard to prevent the numbers from becoming a floor issue in New York.

POST LABOR DAY, when Reagan has become the focus of media attention (and when Kennedy and Anderson have faded as political alternatives), we can blunt Reagan's rhetorical offensive with strong presidential moves on tax cuts and foreign policy. (Option papers are being prepared.)

2. Anderson. The problems he poses are those limned by Caddell's survey: Anderson has potential appeal to upscale moderates, liberal intellectuals, and Jews. (To the extent he generates support among fundamentalist whites, moderate-conservative Midwesterners, and middle-class suburbanites, that's Reagan's problem.) Our response has been consistent and, though it has not yet shown up in the polls, effective. Muskie's appointment helped. The swing to Israel in the UN helped. Ditto your meeting with the mayors in Seattle, the new consumer affairs programs, and your opposition to increased defense spending. If we keep stripping Anderson of his issues, if we keep slipping quietly to the Left, he will wind up with nothing but a media-hyped personality cult.

The one issue opening we have given Anderson in recent weeks is your relatively hard-line position on Ramsey Clark. Since Anderson has not hit the bait—and since Reagan seems unsure of his own ground—I recommend that we back off. Refer the matter to Justice and let it die there.

Over the next month our Opposition Research people will be selling three stories about Anderson. First, that he is no liberal but a real Republican (his voting record is full of knee-jerk GOP votes on spending, labor, nuclear power, etc.). Second, and closely related to the first, that he is not what he says he is and cannot be relied upon. And third, based upon stories of his filing and qualifying problems in several key states, that he cannot win and therefore should not be considered a serious candidate. (Our press comments on ballot position will encourage comparisons with the Libertarian Party.)

If Reagan goes for a right-winger as VP, most of our problems with Anderson will be solved. A Reagan-Helms ticket, for instance, would drive moderate Republicans to Anderson and frightened Democrats back to us.

3. Kennedy. Let me say immediately that we all share your impatience with him. His petulance is both immature and inexcusable. Nonetheless, he has a rapport with key voter groups that we will need in the fall—primarily blacks, Hispanics, and the liberal part of Anderson's constituency. We have no choice but to continue to woo those groups and hope that Kennedy comes around by convention time. Specifically, we recommend that you continue to take a personal interest in departmental grant-making (only Goldschmidt and Landrieu have their heads screwed on tight). We have sources that Kennedy doesn't have and we should use them. And secondly, we must continue to make the political points. The visit to Vernon Jordan's hospital bed was a plus. The trip to Miami was a good idea and backfired only for unforeseeable reasons. We have to *symbolize* our shift to the Left or the Washington press corps, which can't tell a political trend from a turnip green, will miss the point.

P.S.: Jack should put out a staff advisory asking all hands to stop referring to Kennedy in press contacts as "the fat rich kid." □

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November in Madrid

The Protracted Conflict

BRIAN CROZIER

FROM JUNE TO November is five months. In that brief period, the Soviet Union has to do the following:

—Evacuate Afghanistan, returning the country to its own citizens.

—Release the human rights activist T. Velikanova, arrested last November.

—Release two members of an unofficial religious seminar, V. Poresh and T. Shchipkova, and Father Yakunin, a leading member of the Christian Committee for the Defense of Believers' Rights in the USSR.

—Free N. Nikitin, a member of the unofficial trade union group, SMOT.

—Provide proper medical care for various "prisoners of conscience": the names of Shcharansky, Ogurtsov, and Orlov occur to one.

—Put a stop to arbitrary delays and refusals of applications by Soviet Jews for the right to emigrate to Israel.

—Stop harassing foreign journalists in Moscow.

—Stock Western books and newspapers in a less arbitrary way. No longer, for instance, assume that every British visitor looks to the *Morning Star* and every French visitor to *L'Humanité* for his daily diet of information.

Boycott Madrid

The list could be considerably extended. The point is: unless the Soviet Union does these things, as an absolute minimum, no obviously useful object will be served in going ahead with the review conference on the implementation of the Helsinki Final Act in Madrid next November.

But the Soviet Union should go farther. Since the events of 1953, 1956, and 1968 demonstrated beyond doubt that the Kremlin exercises a final say in the way affairs are conducted in the countries of Eastern Europe, they will also need to do some arm-twisting in other places, notably in Czechoslovakia, Rumania, and East Germany.

Let us look at these countries in that order. Last October, the Czech regime of Dr. Gustav Husak (an unconditional Muscovite installed by Brezhnev and Co. in 1968) tried six of ten members of the Committee for the Defense of the Unjustly Prosecuted (VONS) who had been arrested. They were jailed for three to six years. The fate of the others was left in abeyance. The trials were conducted in two days. No foreign observers were allowed access. Some months ago, Pavel Kohout, a distinguished Czech playwright, was refused permission to return from Austria and deprived of his citizenship. Then there is the case of Professor Julius Tomin, a scholar whose classical discipline is far removed from current preoccupations. Not long ago, the Czechs expelled his colleague Professor Anthony Kelly, Master of Balliol College, Oxford, for having dared to visit Tomin; and lesser British academics have been similarly treated.

In Rumania, four members of the Free Trade Union of Rumanian Working Men (SLOMR) have been imprisoned. Father Calciu, an Orthodox priest, was jailed for seven and a half years, on unstipulated charges. A new propaganda campaign is in full swing, to combat emigration, religious observances, and human rights activism.

In East Germany, there has been a tightening of existing legislation concerning public order, so that even unclassified information may not be passed to foreigners on penalty of imprisonment. Similar treatment awaits critics of the regime.

To be fair, let me record one good mark: in connection with anniversary celebrations last year, East German authorities freed two prominent political prisoners, Rudolph Bahro and Nico Hübner. They also made noises about releasing 20,000 to 25,000 others, but I have no firm figures about actual releases. The definition of "political" could be a sticking point.

There is little to report from the other countries under Soviet control. The Hungarians can still claim to have the most liberal regime in Eastern Europe —the delayed fruit of the sufferings of 24 years ago. In Bulgaria, things are neither better nor worse than they were. Which is not very good news.

Let me search for some positive things to say. The Soviets did give advance notification of the major military exercise, NEMAN, which took place in the Baltic military district from July 23 to 27, 1979. Observers were duly invited from the NATO countries, although less than four hours of direct observation was permitted.

Then of course there was Brezhnev's much publicized speech of October 6 last year in East Berlin, when he came out with some "confidence-building" proposals (Basket I of the Helsinki package). He wanted a reduction of between five and twenty thousand in the ceiling above which ground force exercises must be announced in advance, a longer period of notification, and an upper limit of forty to fifty thousand in the size of ground force exercises.

Down with Helsinki

These proposals were much in line with Western suggestions, and, when the foreign ministers of the Nine met in Brussels last November 20, they reaffirmed their view that it was essential to maintain an overall balance between military and other aspects of security in the Helsinki process.

Is anything left of detente? Was there anything there in the first place? As a British academic friend likes to put it, detente always was in the eye of the beholder. If you want to see detente, you see detente. If the Soviets invade Afghanistan and the sight dazzles you, then suddenly, as Mr. Carter discovered, it becomes kind of difficult to see detente at all, even if the use of Cuban and East German surrogates on imperial duties in Africa and elsewhere has passed unobserved.

One major exercise, incidentally, the Soviets have given no notification of, and no observers have been invited to witness. It has been going on for weeks in South Yemen (Russia's Arab satellite) and involves Soviet and Cuban troops, with advanced aircraft, helicopters, and parachute drops. These trainees will be ready for desert war, Soviet-style, and readers may like to guess whether the target is North Yemen or Oman (which controls the Strait of Hormuz). But then, that is outside the Helsinki area. □

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A REVOLUTIONARY CONSERVATIVE

Understanding Alexander Hamilton

FORREST McDONALD

NO ONE WILL be especially surprised to hear Alexander Hamilton described as a revolutionary conservative, mutually exclusive though the terms may seem. He earned his credentials as a revolutionary early—through his polemics in behalf of the movement for independence, his service as Washington's aide de camp during most of the Revolutionary War, and his efforts in Congress toward the end of the war. As for his conservatism, the canard that he sought a government of the "rich and well-born" has been exploded; but it is true that he sought to make the Constitution as "high-toned" (the phrase is his) as possible; that in co-authoring the Federalist Papers he helped create a conservative classic; and that as Secretary of the Treasury he sought to tie the moneyed interests to the welfare of the new government.

But I would suggest that Hamilton was a revolutionary and a conservative in more fundamental senses of both terms. As a revolutionary he labored to bring about a market economy to replace one rooted in feudalism. As a conservative he labored to preserve the ideal of morality based upon natural law and protect it from the onslaughts of the Enlightenment and its fearsome offspring, the French Revolution.

☆☆☆

Hamilton's "ruling passion," in eighteenth century usage, was the love of Fame—which is to say, an obsession with achieving immortality through the grateful remembrance of posterity. He aspired to do this by serving, in the tradition of the ancients Lycurgus and Solon, as the Lawgiver, who "transmits a system of laws and institutions to secure the peace, happiness, and liberty of future generations." Several of Hamilton's contemporaries, including James Madison and James Wilson, sought to play the same role, but they saw the task in narrow terms. To them the object was to create a properly balanced constitution, one that would endow the national government with adequate powers, so distributed as to provide safeguards for popular liberty. Hamilton's objective went beyond constitutions to the transformation of his countrymen into "free, opulent, and law-abiding citizens"; and he proposed to accomplish that through the instrumentality of a limited republican government, on the basis of consent, and in the face of powerful vested interests.

Hamilton recognized that Americans were kept from being a great nation, indeed kept from being a nation at all, by the inertia of a society whose pervasive attributes were provincialism and lassitude. Provincialism, as Hamilton remarked at the Constitutional Convention, was reinforced by habit, by opinion, by familiarity, and by interests; but in every state and every region the main prop of localism, as well as its main beneficiary, was an oligarchy, great or small. It is true that the distribution of wealth in America was far more nearly equal, and society far more nearly fluid, than in any other country. Nevertheless, both status and wealth were monopolized, in most American communities, by a handful of intermarried families which were essentially closed to newcomers; except through birth or marriage, precious few entered the squirearchy that dominated rural New England, the manor-lord aristocracy of New York, or the slave-plantation gentries of the South.

Now, Hamilton had nothing against a hierarchical and deferential social order. He thought such an order natural, desirable, and, in any politically free society, inevitable. Furthermore, he abhorred the leveling spirit in all its manifestations. But he was quite as vehement in his abhorrence of dependency and servility, for those were contrary to his very idea of manhood, and the American system of pluralistic local oligarchies made everyone dependent upon those born to the oligarchy. He hated the parochialism that the system both nourished and fed upon; and he resented, as only a natural-born outsider can, the clannishly closed quality of the system.

The system also discouraged industry—self-reliance and effort—by failing to reward it. Status derived not from the marketplace, where deeds and goods and virtues could be impartially valued, but from birthrights. More precisely, status rested upon personal relationships, family connections, and ownership of the land, and upon the mystique that land was the source of all wealth. In other words, the paternalistic agrarian mentality of the Virginia planters was well-nigh universal in America. In the few, it bred the habit of

Mr. McDonald, professor of history at the University of Alabama, is the author of 13 books, including: We the People: The Economic Origins of the Constitution; The Presidency of George Washington; *and* The Presidency of Thomas Jefferson.

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arbitrary command, in defiance of law; in the many, it bred the habit of deference, and, because a tolerable subsistence was so easy to come by, it bred indolence as well. To be sure, the work ethic prevailed in the larger seaport cities, in some parts of New England, and among the German population in and south of Pennsylvania; but elsewhere it was rarely in evidence. Certainly it was not common among slaveowners, the slaves, the Celtic herdsmen on the interior uplands, or the majority of yeoman farmers. In sum, though there was little poverty in America, there was also little industry, and there was a great deal of sloth, indifference, drunkenness, and dissipation. To Hamilton all this was anathema—because it was inherently unjust and because, in his eyes, it made the nation weak and despicable.

Hamilton's audacious, self-appointed mission in life was nothing less than to remake American society in his own image; and in 1786, upon reading Jacques Necker's treatise on the finances of France, he conceived a means of bringing about that revolutionary change. What distinguished the diligent minority from other Americans was that they measured worth and achievement in terms of money and worked to obtain money, whereas other Americans disdained money and made do with a cumbersome system of personal obligations, barter, and fiat credit. To transform the established scheme of things, to make society fluid and open to merit, to make industry both rewarding and necessary, all that needed to be done was to monetize the whole. For money is oblivious to class, status, color, and inherited social position; money is the ultimate, impartial arbiter. Infused into an agrarian social order, money could be the leaven, the fermenting yeast, that would stimulate growth, prosperity, and national strength.

Hamilton's method for bringing about the monetization of American society, against its preference and yet with its approval, eluded his contemporaries: otherwise it could not have been done. To be sure, some of his techniques were fairly obvious. He solicited cooperation by appealing to self-interest, for he saw that it is easier to harness human nature than to fight it or repress it. He applied the stick as well as the carrot—the people, he said, must feel the sting as well as the benefits of government—for he saw that an excess of political freedom in America perpetuated a system in which most people were socially something less than free. Again, he managed things through an artful mixture of action, example, and illusion. But all these were only techniques.

The genius of Hamilton's system lay far deeper, in an idea that was new in the philosophy of politics and law. Blackstone had defined the law as "a rule of civil conduct prescribed by the supreme power in a state, commanding what is right and prohibiting what is wrong," but every practicing attorney knew that in its actual operation the law was less a matter of commands and prohibitions than it was of procedures. Hamilton was the first statesman to perceive that that characteristic of the law could be consciously applied, not merely to bringing government under law through a constitution, but to the grander goal of transforming society: he saw that the most efficacious way of combining freedom and energy in a people, and of infusing them with industry and love of country, was to rely less upon ordering what was to be done than upon establishing the ways that things were done. His conception was elegant in its simplicity. How things are done governs what can and will be done; the rules determine the nature and outcome of the game. That was the heart of Hamiltonianism.

His operations unfolded in five stages. The first step was to facilitate a "Revolution in Government" through the establishment of the federal Constitution. As is well known, Hamilton was instrumental in having the Philadelphia Convention called and in bringing about ratification, but had little influence on the actual writing of the Constitution. The fact is that, despite his talents as a constitutional theorist, it was almost a matter of indifference to him what form the national government took, so long as it was endowed with powers sufficient to protect itself from the oligarch-dominated state governments.

The second step was to ensure that the administration of the nation's finances be placed in proper hands. This, to Hamilton, meant that the Secretary of the Treasury must report to the branch of government that controlled the purse strings, to the House of Representatives rather than to the President, and that Hamilton himself must become Secretary. How much direct influence he had upon those decisions is uncertain; officially it was at Madison's initiative that the Treasury Department was suitably constituted and at Washington's that Hamilton became Secretary—or, as he put it, "minister of finance."

The third step was to establish public credit. Credit means credibility, believability, trust; and the United States had none. American governments had forfeited their credit, largely by attempting to write off their war debts through the medium of inflationary fiat monetary policies. Hamilton sought to restore credit by addressing his efforts to its ultimate source, the market. Thus, rather than attempting to pay off the public debts in a short time (which was beyond the nation's capacity), he proposed to consolidate state and national debts and "fund" them, which is to say provide permanent funds for making regular interest payments but leave the question of retiring the principal—whether it should be retired soon, late, or never—to the discretion of government. In addition, he proposed the creation of a sinking fund, consisting of surplus revenues and the proceeds of a new loan in Europe, which would be used to buy government securities on the open market. The sinking fund was partly designed to retire a portion of the debts

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cheaply, but its more important function was to engage in open market operations aimed at bringing the prices of public securities to par. Once that was done, the investing public would be convinced that public credit had been established; and if and when investors believed public credit had been established, it would ipso facto be established. After a long and acrimonious debate, Hamilton's proposals were enacted into law. As a consequence, certificates of the public debt, heretofore a politically divisive and economically crippling national burden, were transformed into capital.

THE FOURTH step in Hamilton's grand scheme was to create a national banking system. His original plan had been to monetize the public debt directly—to have it circulate as money—but the terms of the congressional act made that difficult, for public securities bore three different rates of interest. Accordingly, Hamilton made certain administrative decisions which retarded and stabilized the circulation of securities, and designed a plan for using them as the basis for currency rather than as currency itself. In his proposal for a national bank, four-fifths of the subscriptions for capital stock were to be payable in 6 per cent government bonds at par. Watch closely now. The convertibility of the bonds into bank stock greatly increased their market value, which made it possible for the bank to hold bonds instead of specie as reserves, and to issue notes against them. The bank notes, in turn, would circulate equally with specie, and could even be lent to the government to finance the sinking fund's purchases of bonds. Hamilton also facilitated the acceptance of bank notes by ordering that they be receivable as the equivalent of gold and silver in the payment of customs duties.

This was no mere financial trickery, even though in fact paper was being used to support paper; for Hamilton perceived that—monetary theorists to the contrary notwithstanding—money is whatever people believe is money and will voluntarily accept as money. Underlying his thinking was the realization that the United States, as a raw and underdeveloped land, was long on potential natural wealth but short on institutional wealth, meaning liquid capital. He therefore regarded as desirable any stable and orderly means of increasing the money supply, up to *though not exceeding* what could be efficaciously employed in developing the natural wealth. Restraint was crucial: government must not succumb to the illusion that it could go on multiplying debt-based paper capital endlessly. There was a point, Hamilton cautioned, beyond which paper capital and paper currency would cease to stimulate productivity and serve only "to pamper the dissipation of idle and dissolute individuals." To prevent inflationary excess, he subsequently devised (and Congress enacted) an ingenious new sinking fund system whose essential principle was that, at the time of contracting any new debt, government must establish fixed revenues for paying the interest and reimbursing the principal within a determinate period. Proof of the legitimacy of his operations was quickly forthcoming: hard-nosed investors in Holland, then the financial capital of the world, gave United States Government bonds their highest rating, with the result that gold and silver began to flow into America.

The fifth and final step in Hamilton's dazzling series of performances was to devise means whereby the stock of newly created paper capital would be transformed into permanent, tangible, productive capital. His means for doing so were outlined in his Report on Manufactures. He began that report by using Adam Smith's arguments to demolish the agrarian lunacies of the physiocrats, then proceeded to reject Smith's own central argument. He accepted Smith's premise, that economic activity is regulated by natural laws, but he denied the inference Smith drew from it, that such activity is necessarily most beneficial when government does not interfere in its workings. Insofar as that implied free trade between nations, Hamilton could endorse noninterference as an ideal. Indeed, he worked persistently and to a considerable extent successfully to reduce barriers to international trade, and he successfully fought Jefferson's proposals to force American trade from its natural channels.

But Hamilton rejected Smith's doctrine of noninterference in its broader sense—that human industry, "if left to itself, will naturally find its way to the most useful and profitable employment." Hamilton recognized—as later economic theorists, befogged by Marxism, failed to do—that social values and habits dictate economic activity, and not the other way around. "Experience teaches," Hamilton wrote in a pellucid passage, "that men are often so much governed by what they are accustomed to see and practice, that the simplest and most obvious improvements, in the most ordinary occupations, are adopted with hesitation, reluctance, and by slow gradations." Men would resist changes, he believed, so long as even "a bare support could be ensured by an adherence to ancient courses," and perhaps even longer. The natural order of things, in other words, was for social habits and values to dictate economic norms, and for government to reflect the interplay of the two. Hamilton saw the advantages of turning the formula around, of using government to bring about economic changes which in turn would alter society for its own benefit.

His work as a revolutionary statesman was substantially completed by 1792; his work as a conservative was just beginning . . . saving America from the French Revolution

While rejecting laissez faire, however, he was emphatic in his commitment to a market economy. Primarily that commitment was moral, not economic, for Hamilton believed that the greatest benefits of a system of government-encouraged private enterprise were not material but spiritual, the enlargement of the scope of human freedom by the enrichment of the opportunities for human endeavor. "Minds of the strongest and most active powers," he wrote, "fall below mediocrity and labor without effect, if confined to uncongenial pursuits. And it is thence to be inferred, that the results of human exertion may be immensely increased

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by diversifying its objects." In its own right, "to cherish and stimulate the activity of the human mind" was a distinct good. Moreover, "even things in themselves not positively advantageous, sometimes become so, by their tendency to provoke exertion. Every new scene, which is opened to the busy nature of man to rouse and exert itself, is the addition of a new energy to the general stock of effort."

Hamilton spelled out the proper role of government in the operation of the economy. Except in the "manufactories of all the necessary weapons of war"—which the experience of the Revolution had convinced him was unreliable in private hands—the means of production ought to be managed privately and for profit. The function of government should be to promote a general spirit of improvement. It should reward productivity and punish dissipation, idleness, and extravagance. Taxes should be designed to encourage industry, never to impede it. Regulation of productive activity should be confined to inspection for the purpose of preventing frauds and ensuring the highest quality and marketability of products. If such policies were adhered to, every member of society would gain—the poor as well as the rich, the farmer as well as the manufacturer and merchant—and the gains would be justly distributed, for rewards would be proportionate to ability, integrity, and industry.

There was one more function of government in the Hamiltonian scheme of things. Hamilton understood that wealth is more than money, land, equipment, goods. He recognized that wealth is also the industriousness of a people channeled by institutionalized social coordination; and to him the most vital task of government was to erect or foster the apppropriate institutions. The essential features of those institutions must be two. The first was that economic activity rest upon free contracts in an open market. The second was that machinery must exist whereby the nation could be built on credit—or, in other words, whereby it could finance its economic development not out of past savings but out of the expectation of future earnings.

Hamilton's Report on Manufactures was never fully implemented, for self-serving and malicious men, crying "give the people liberty" but meaning "give us power," banded together to destroy him. But they were too late: Hamilton's institutionalized system of energizing his countrymen was already at work. In 1791 and 1792 forty new corporations—as many as had been chartered in the entire colonial and Confederation periods combined—were chartered by state legislatures, nine of them for banks, the remainder for manufacturing and for the building of canals, turnpike roads, and water works; and public securities, sold or hypothecated abroad, furnished almost all the capital. That was the beginning of a movement that would accelerate in the years ahead, making it possible for the United States to become the richest, most powerful, and freest country the world has ever known.

☆☆☆

So much for Hamilton the revolutionary. To understand Hamilton the conservative, one must plunge into the murky depths of Enlightenment philosophy. The Enlightenment can be said to have begun with Newton, whose mathematical description of the universe as a machine had profound implications for the mind of Western man. To a Europe exhausted by nearly two centuries of religious wars, Newton's works were first and foremost a message about God: that He did not behave in a capricious or arbitrary fashion, in response to either His will or human prayer, but in accordance with absolute, unwavering, and humanly discoverable laws of nature which governed Him and all His works. He had become the infinitely perfect Clock-Maker, His works fathomable by the human mind.

One immediate response to the message was a vigorous and rigorous search for the natural laws that govern human affairs. Now, the idea of natural law was hardly a new one. The ancient Greeks had developed it in some depth; in Western tradition it was probably Cicero's version that was most influential. "Right reason," by which Cicero meant an "immediate and intuitive apprehension of moral and spiritual values," of what is right and just and what is wrong and unjust, was in the nature of things placed by God in all men; and no decree or legislative enactment could change what is right and what is wrong. Cicero's treatise, six hundred years after he wrote it, was written into the Justinian Code, and his doctrine was taken over by the early Church Fathers, by St. Augustine, and later by Thomas Aquinas. Human laws never lived up to the ideal of natural law, but the ideal persisted and remained central to the values of Western civilization.

In the flurry of scholarship stimulated by Newton's discoveries, the theory of the laws of nature was quickly refashioned into an elaborate, symmetrical code which formed the basis of international law. The pioneer in the field of the laws of nature and the law of nations—the terms were used interchangeably—was of course Hugo Grotius, who had published his work in 1625, long before Newton. But it was the post-Newtonian thinkers, Wolff, Burlamaqui, and above all Vattel, who both popularized the theory and brought it to its highest form.

In the introduction to his classic *The Law of Nations* (1758), Vattel gave a succinct summary of the fundaments of the "science of the laws of nature." The first principle, he said, was an "axiom of incontestable truth," namely that "the great end of every being endowed with intellect and sentiment, is happiness." Only by harnessing the natural desire for happiness can we "bind a creature possessed of the faculty of thought, and form the ties of that obligation which shall make him submit to any rule." By studying the nature of things, and of man in particular, it was possible to discover the rules of behavior that lead to happiness, and those rules constituted natural law. Natural law was ordained by God, was unalterable, and was universally binding. The penalty for violating it was, quite logically, unhappiness. "Now, one of the first truths which the study of man reveals to us, and which is a necessary consequence of his nature, is, that, in a state of lonely separation from the rest of his species, he cannot attain his great end—happiness: and the reason is, that he was intended to live in society with his fellow creatures. Nature herself, therefore, has established that society, whose great end is the common

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advantage of all its members; and the means of attaining that end constitute the rules that each individual is bound to observe in his whole conduct."

But study of the laws of nature was not in the mainstream of Enlightenment thinking after mid-century. Instead, from the fourth decade of the century onward the very idea of natural law came under increasingly heavy attack. The attack, like the renewed study of natural law itself, had been preceded by earlier work in the same vein, notably by Montaigne in the sixteenth century and by Hobbes in the seventeenth; but it was in the 1740s that the heavy onslaught began. By 1800 the idea of natural law had been almost wholly rejected—opening the way for the nineteenth century's doctrine of positive law.

The main architects of destruction were Montesquieu, Hume, and the French *philosophes*. Montesquieu, in *The Spirit of Laws* (1748), more or less invented the "science" of sociology, but he also fashioned and popularized the theory of moral relativism. Morals, to him, meant mores; and if he was right, the very idea of a universal morality prescribed by natural law was absurd. Hume, principally in his *Treatise of Human Nature* (1739-40), his *Enquiry Concerning Human Understanding* (1748), and his *Enquiry Concerning the Principles of Morals* (1751), contributed mightily to the "sciences" of politics and psychology, but he also fashioned and popularized modern skepticism. Morality, to him, was rooted in utility; every man was governed by his passions, meaning drives for self-gratification, and only out of desire to satisfy those passions did men behave morally.

His conception was elegant in its simplicity. How things are done governs what can and will be done; the rules determine the nature and outcome of the game.

The French *philosophes* took the matter the rest of the way. In 1749 La Mettrie, building upon Locke's sensationalism but adopting a position that Locke specifically rejected, published a book whose thesis was clear in its title, *Man a Machine*. During the next thirty years Condillac produced a battery of works on the same Locke-derived but non-Lockean theme. Now morality rested upon individual choice by a robot. One more French twist remained. Rousseau and others, while keeping Locke's sensationalism, rejected his concept of the mind as *tabula rasa*, and postulated instead that man is by nature inherently good, becoming corrupt only by the experience of living in an evil society. The Ciceronian ideal was thus inverted and perverted into its monstrous opposite.

Meanwhile, some Enlightenment thinkers—mainly Thomas Reid, Francis Hutcheson, Adam Ferguson, Dugal Stewart, and others in or associated with the Scottish common sense school—were fighting against the trend. But the common sense theory tended to be little more than a ponderous, pretentiously pseudo-scientific, and warmed-over version of Cicero's original treatise, and it failed to stem the tide.

Hamilton, at first sight, appears to have been in accord with the skeptics. That he read, quoted, and admired Montesquieu is indubitable. That Hume exerted a powerful influence upon his political thinking is clear from Hamilton's own writings and from the studies of Gerald Stourzh and Douglass Adair. That Hamilton rejected the common sense school is abundantly evident. ("A great source of error," he wrote sneeringly in obvious reference to Hutcheson and Reid, "is the judging of events by abstract calculations, which though geometrically true are false as they relate to the concerns of beings governed more by passion and prejudice than by an enlightened sense of their interests.")

But to view Hamilton as a skeptic is to see only a part of him, and the partial view distorts the whole. Hamilton scholars have been wont to treat his early writings as if they express the attitudes he held in maturity, as if the man never grew; and Hamilton's Humean skepticism was voiced in his youth. It is true that he continued to admire Hume throughout his life, for Hume had a great deal to say, and Hume's thinking was a valuable tempering agent for Hamilton's own; but it is revealing that in maturity Hamilton was devoted to Hume's histories rather than to his philosophical essays.

His departure from Hume is easily illustrated. In one of his pre-war polemics Hamilton quoted a well-known proposition of Hume's. "Political writers," he said, citing Hume's essay "On the Independency of Parliament," "have established it as a maxim that, in contriving any system of government, and fixing the several checks and controls of the Constitution, every man ought to be supposed a *knave*; and to have no other end in all his actions, but *private interest*. By this interest, we must govern him, and by means of it, *make him cooperate to public good*, notwithstanding his insatiable avarice and ambition." This is quintessential Humean thinking, and Hamilton repeated the sentiment, explicitly or implicitly, in most of his political writings during the late 1770s and early 1780s. But Hamilton was, during that period, not only still politically immature, he was also depressed, discouraged by the frustrations in the war effort, and disillusioned by the imbecility and knavery of men in government. The "pessimistic" view of human nature hit home with him at that time; but it was in fact alien to his religious training and to his buoyantly optimistic, trusting, self-confident nature. One brush-stroke will reveal that nature: Hamilton's favorite poet, and the only one he ever quoted in any of his extant public or private writings, was that penultimate pollyanna, Alexander Pope.

Finding his way back to a philosophical view more compatible with his nature and with his personal sense of morality was a function of his study of the law—a subject previous Hamilton scholars have not genuinely taken into account. For in his legal study Hamilton found and ardently embraced Vattel. His mature writings copiously testify to the result of his reconversion. "Religion and Morality," Hamilton wrote in Washington's Farewell Address, are the "firmest foundations of the duties of men and citizens." Appeals to self-interest in support of his measures, he wrote

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in an unpublished defense of them, were "upon the whole . . . the consideration upon which I relied least of all. . . . Such means are not to be resorted to but the good sense & virtue of the people." Again, apropos the rise of the partisan spirit, "the misconduct of the other party cannot justify us in an imitation of their principles. . . . Let us be *Right*, because to do right is intrinsically proper & I verily believe it is the best means of securing final success." And once again, his description of the principles that should govern statesmen: "The true politician . . . takes human nature (and human society its aggregate) as he finds it, a compound of good and ill qualities of good and ill tendencies. . . . With this view of human nature he will not attempt to warp or distort it from its natural direction [but] will favor all those institutions and plans which tend to make men happy according to their natural bent, which multiply the sources of individual enjoyment and increase those of national resource and strength." And finally, his stirring plea in the celebrated Croswell libel case: "That truth cannot be material in any respect, is contrary to the nature of things. No tribunal, no codes, no systems can repeal or impair this law of God, for by His eternal laws it is inherent in the nature of things. . . . It is evident that if you cannot apply this mitigated doctrine for which I speak . . . you must for ever remain ignorant of what your rulers do. I can never think this ought to be; I never did think the truth was a crime; I am glad the day is come in which it is to be decided; for my soul has ever abhorred the thought, that a free man dared not speak the truth."

That was Hamilton the conservative. His work as a revolutionary statesman was substantially completed by 1792; his work as a conservative was just beginning. During the remaining years of his public career, he devoted himself to saving America from the French Revolution—to preserving against the egalitarian and libertarian seductions of the Enlightenment the ideal of natural law, which for two millennia had been the cornerstone of morality in Western Civilization. □

The Way a Politician's Mind Works, Which Is Not Too Often

With politicians on the campaign trail more and more these days, the time has arrived, I think, for me to let the voting public know that I have developed extraordinary insight into the way a politician's mind works, which is not too often.

I not only can read his mind; I can read it in italics. Take Congressman Henry Littlefinger. After a campaign trip to hither, followed by one to yon, he was met on his return to the local airport by a middle-aged female constituent with a child in hand.

"How are you, Henry?" she called, waving to him.

(*Wave back and smile. They like that. But how to answer this woman's tough question? If I frankly tell this stranger that I have a postnasal drip, high blood pressure, and a hardening of the left kidney, my opponent next year may claim I am in failing health. On the other hand, if I tell her I feel great, this might indicate a lack of concern for the problems the country faces.*)

"Not too bad," replied Congressman Littlefinger.

"You've certainly been traveling a lot lately," said the woman.

(*Damn! This nosy broad must know I was absent for 43.2 per cent of the roll calls. There's only one way out.*)

"I've always felt the prime duty of every congressman is to visit his constituents as much as possible so he can better represent their views," said Littlefinger.

"We haven't seen you in a long time," said the woman.

(*Aha! We've met before, then. But is she one of my many ardent supporters or one of the other kind? Find out.*)

"I hope you will stand beside me in our unending search for . . ."

"Glad to help," she interrupted. "Isn't that brown one and the plaid one with the zipper yours? I hope you haven't been working too hard."

(*How the hell was I supposed to answer that one? "Yes" implies I'm on the verge of a nervous breakdown and "no" means I'm a lazy bum.*)

"I thrive on hard work," said Littlefinger.

(*Now don't forget to show concern for this voter.*)

"But tell me about the grave problems you face, ma'am."

"Well, my gravest is that I don't have enough money to get my car out of the parking lot. I was hoping you . . ."

(*A problem! Look vigorous!*)

"You can count on me to lead a vigorous fight against poverty and inflation. Let me say that . . ."

"Darn, there goes our little chat," the woman said. "Here come the photographers."

(*Photographers! What's a heart-warming picture? Quick! Pick up that ugly little kid she's got. Littlefinger loves all children.*)

"My, you're a manly chap."

"Thanks, daddy."

(*Daddy? Good Lord, I can see the headlines now: Littlefinger Faces Paternity Suit. Take the offensive.*)

"You won't get away with this, my good woman," cried Littlefinger. "What's your name?"

She sighed. "Oh my, not again. My name's Glynda, dear. You know, Mrs. Henry Littlefinger?" —John Keefauver

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"I'm afraid I won't be back next semester, Roomo. I'm running out of ammo."

"We're being sued by the National Association of Manufacturers. They say the emissions from our mountains are spoiling the air over their factories!"

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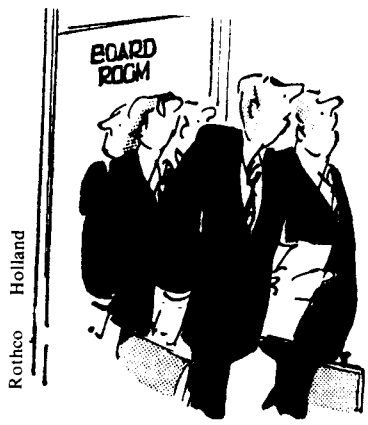
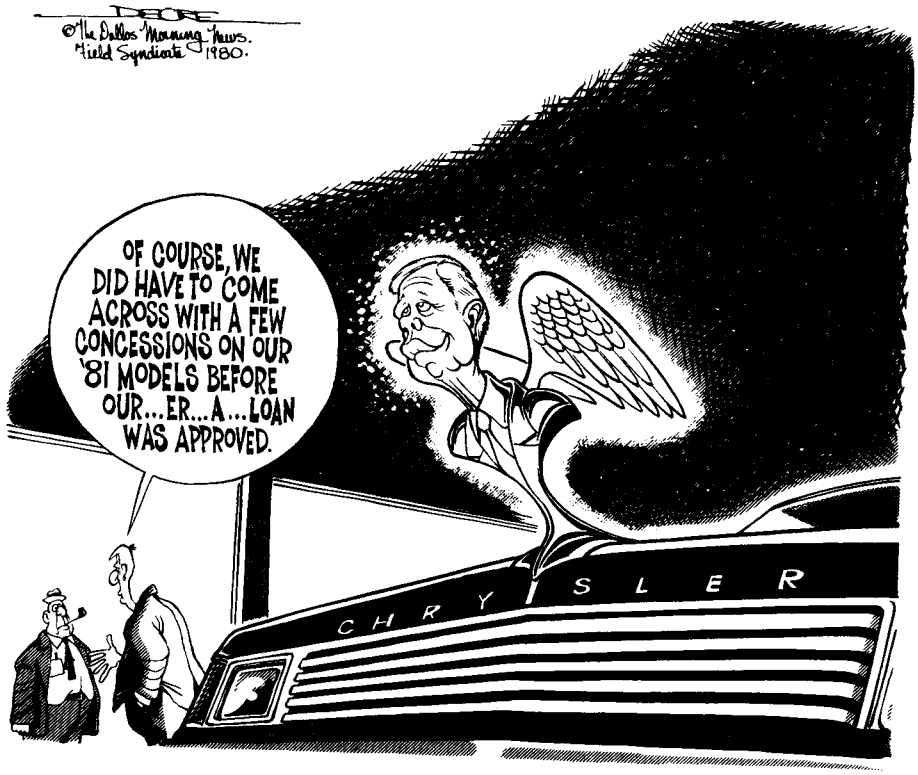
Little Mary Sunshine

When Secretary Miller speaks
A rainbow spans the sky.
Like Nellie, we're advised to wait
Until the clouds drift by.
For those who wonder how he sees
Bright sunbeams everywhere,
Observe his pinky, which he wets —
Then holds up to the air.

W. H. VON DREELE



"I'm confused—are we diversifying or demerging?"


©The Dallas Morning News. Field Syndicate 1980.
OF COURSE, WE DID HAVE TO COME ACROSS WITH A FEW CONCESSIONS ON OUR '81 MODELS BEFORE OUR...ER...A...LOAN WAS APPROVED.
CHRYSLER

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THE OPEN QUESTION

For the rule of the wise over the less wise to be advantageous, it must come about by a process of consent. The requirement of consent can be understood only in the light of, and by recognition of, natural equality

Another Look at the Declaration

HARRY V. JAFFA

AMERICAN CONSERVATIVES have, as conservatives, regarded themselves as guardians of tradition. The tradition they guard is of course the American political tradition. (They cannot guard "tradition in general" because that is an abstraction and, as conservatives, they are enemies of abstractions.) The most famous document of the American political tradition is the Declaration of Independence. The most famous words of the Declaration are those that affirm as a self-evident truth "that all men are created equal." It is this proposition—enshrined as well in the Gettysburg Address—that Lincoln called "an abstract truth, applicable to all men and all times." Yet it is this proposition that is anathema to American conservatives. It is hardly too much to say that they regard it with an aversion equal to that with which they regard "all history is the history of class struggle." Not a few of them think of it as belonging properly, not to the American Declaration, but to the Communist Manifesto. One puts the matter in its mildest form in saying that American conservatism has been stultified by the presence of a self-contradiction within its being.

An example of this is supplied by Mr. William T. Couch, writing in the September 14, 1979 NATIONAL REVIEW ("Muddled Meanings"). Mr. Couch takes exception to Charles Kesler's "The Special Meaning of the Declaration of Independence," in the July 6, 1979 NATIONAL REVIEW. Mr. Couch thinks that Mr. Kesler—and I, and Abraham Lincoln—have found meaning in the Declaration where none in fact exists. As evidence whereof he cites the celebrated letter of May 8, 1825 from Jefferson to Henry Lee. According to Couch, in that letter Jefferson referred his correspondent to a series of sources, wherein he might discover the presumably enigmatic construction of "equal" in the Declaration. Jefferson, writes Couch,

> suggested [to Lee] as sources "the elementary books of public right. . . Aristotle, Cicero, Locke," that Lee should read if he wanted to discover Jefferson's meaning of the word "equal" in the Declaration.

However, adds Couch,

> one will not find in Aristotle or Cicero any explicit support for the famous phrase "all men are created equal." Aristotle clearly regarded slavery as existing by nature. Cicero never denies this. Locke asserts inequality in his second *Treatise on Civil Government*, VI, 54. He also asserts equality in "the state of nature," II, 4.

Mr. Couch concludes this line of argument by citing Leo Strauss to the effect that Rousseau destroyed the credibility of the Lockean state of nature (in which alone men are said by Locke to be equal) by proving that, had it ever existed, it would have been a subhuman state in which it would be "absurd . . . to find a norm for man."

Mr. Couch has however misunderstood and misrepresented—however unintentionally—Jefferson's letter to Lee. The brief quotation is bowdlerized and out of context. Yet this letter is also one of the great documents of the American political tradition. It shows Jefferson, in his 83rd year—14 months before his death—possessed of that same "masterly pen" with its "peculiar felicity of expression" that had earned him the place of draftsman for the Congress and for the American people nearly a half-century before. It provides us, not only some of our profoundest insights into the meaning of the Declaration itself, but into that historical moment that produced the Declaration. It too is a priceless heirloom that conservatives should treasure.

'Hackneyed' Ideas

The context of the letter to Lee is supplied by a correspondence between Timothy Pickering and John Adams, on the one hand, and between Madison, Jefferson, and Lee, on the other. Most of the relevant texts are collected in *A Casebook on the Declaration of Independence*, edited by Robert Ginsburg (Crowell, 1967). Pickering, in a widely circulated "Fourth of July Observations on the Declaration of Independence," had given notoriety to a remark he had made to John Adams, and which Adams had echoed back to him. In a letter to Pickering August 6, 1822, Adams wrote,

> As you justly observe, there is not an idea in it but what had been hackneyed in Congress two years before.

The letter to Lee is in the main Jefferson's response to this use of the word "hackneyed." In it, he turns a term of disparagement into a badge of honor. He does not deny the charge, nor does he accuse his old friend—and sometime

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enemy—of malice. Rather, he agrees with him, while translating the offending word into synonyms fitting the requirements of the task that he had faced as the draftsman of the Congress.

In the letter to Lee, Jefferson says that, when independence was decided upon, there was "but one opinion on this side of the water" concerning American rights and British transgressions. "All American whigs thought alike on these subjects." He continued:

> When forced therefore to resort to arms for redress, an appeal to the tribunal of the world was deemed proper for our justification. This was the object of the Declaration of Independence.

It was not the purpose of the Declaration, Jefferson went on,

> to find out new principles, or new arguments, never before thought of, not merely to say things which had never been said before; but to place before mankind the common sense of the subject; in terms so plain and firm as to command their assent, and to justify ourselves in the independent stand we were compelled to take.

Jefferson, to repeat, was the draftsman of the Congress, which in turn was the body which represented the American people. It was his high honor to be selected to put their thoughts and convictions into words fitting for the occasion. Of course, they were his own thoughts and convictions, since he was one of the American people. But nothing merely idiosyncratic to Jefferson would have been proper in such a place. Hence the letter to Lee continues thus:

> Neither aiming at originality of principle or sentiment, nor yet copied from any particular and previous writing, it was intended to be an expression of the American mind, and to give to that expression the proper tone and spirit called for by the occasion. All its authority rests then on the harmonizing sentiments of the day, whether expressed in conversations, letters, printed essays or in the elementary books of public right, as Aristotle, Cicero, Locke, Sidney, etc.

Recalling the brief quotation by Mr. Couch, we see that Jefferson was not sending Lee to "sources" for the meaning of "equal." "That all men are created equal" was of course one of the leading of the "hackneyed" ideas. It was certainly one concerning which there was "but one opinion on this side of the water," as it was one concerning which "All American whigs thought alike." It was so far from needing explanation that, in "the American mind," it merely expressed "the common sense" of the matter. Lee did not dream of asking Jefferson what he meant by "equal." I know of no single instance (I do not say that none exists) in which any one of the Revolutionary leaders, or any one of the Founding Fathers, either themselves asked, or were asked by others, what "equal" in the Declaration meant. For them its meaning was indeed "self-evident."

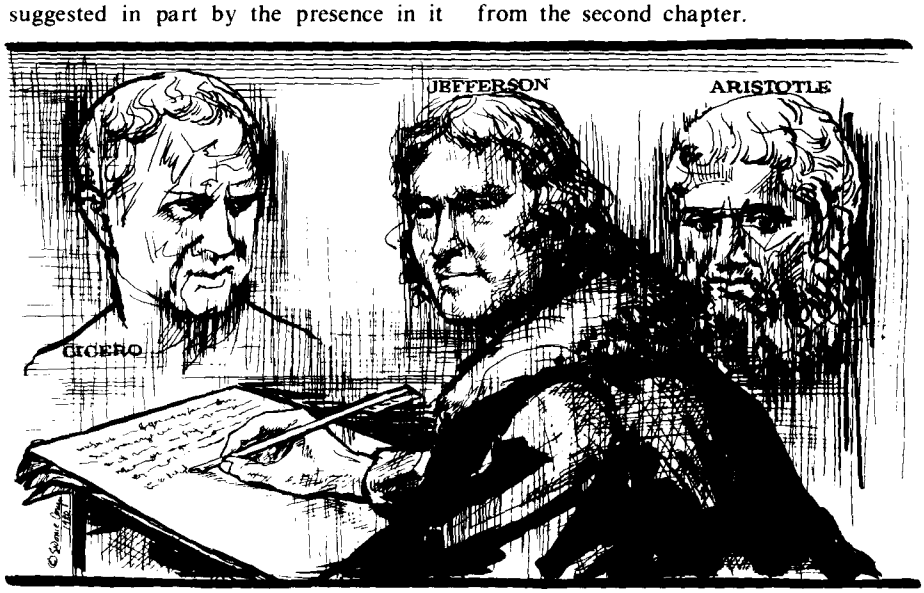
Prudence

Mr. Couch, in commenting on Jefferson's list of "the elementary books of public right," says that Aristotle "clearly regarded slavery as existing by nature." But Aristotle distinguished between *natural* slavery, and slavery that rested merely on convention and force. Natural slaves are those whose bodies are apt for useful work, but whose minds are not apt to direct them in that work, and require someone else's brain for that purpose. Today, we would call most of such persons mentally retarded. Their enslavement is just, Aristotle says. But those who are slaves merely because they, or their fathers, had been captured by physical force, are not slaves by nature, and they are slaves unjustly. We might add that such was the case of all, or nearly all, those who were slaves in the antebellum United States.

That Aristotle had some influence upon the teaching of the Declaration is suggested in part by the presence in it of the idea of human nature. Such an idea did not originate with Aristotle, but he certainly gave it its most powerful development within the Western world. This evolved in later writers—Cicero among them—into the idea of "laws of nature and of nature's God." But the Declaration, in one of its most notable passages speaks of the dictates of "prudence." And it is the sixth book of the *Nicomachean Ethics* that is the *locus classicus* for the development of the meaning of prudence. Although the concept of prudence descended into the eighteenth century through a thousand sources besides Aristotle, his texts were its headwaters. The same may be said of "happiness," as in "the pursuit of happiness" and in "their safety and happiness." Although the substantive meaning of happiness had been modified in the writings of many seventeenth and eighteenth century writers, its classical meaning was still powerful. Jefferson may have rejected Aristotelian metaphysics. But it is doubtful that he or his contemporaries had reservations in regard to it as the *summum bonum* both for individual human beings and for civil society.

The State of Nature

Mr. Couch says that Locke "clearly asserts inequality" in the sixth chapter of the *Second Treatise*, while he "also asserts equality in a 'state of nature'" in the second chapter of that same work. This is not very helpful for understanding either Locke or the Declaration. Here is an ample quotation from the second chapter.



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> To understand political power aright . . . we must consider what state all men are naturally in, and that is a state of perfect freedom to order their actions . . . within the bonds of the law of nature, without asking leave, or depending upon the will of any other man.

It is in this respect that men are also in a state of equality, Locke continues,

> there being nothing more evident [this is the Lockean antecedent of "We hold these truths to be self evident . . ."] than that creatures of the same species . . . should be equal one amongst another without subordination or subjection . . .

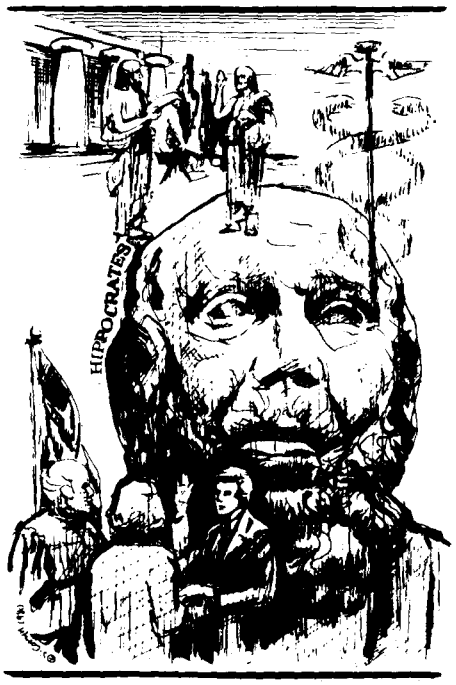
In Chapter Six, Locke makes it clear that this equality is fully consistent with the recognition of all the important qualitative distinctions and differences among men.

> Though I have said above that all men by nature are equal, I cannot be supposed to understand all sorts of equality. Age or virtue may give man a just precedency. Excellency of parts and merit may place others above the common level . . . And yet all this consists with the equality which all men are in, in respect of jurisdiction or dominion, one over another.

I have often, in my writings, rendered the foregoing doctrine thus: There is no difference between man and man, as there is between man and beast or between man and God, that makes one by nature the ruler of another. This does not mean that there are not wide differences among men, or that it is not often to the advantage of some to be ruled by others. For the rule of the wise over the less wise to be advantageous, however, it must come about by a process of consent. And the requirement of consent can be understood only in the light of, and by recognition of, natural equality. Let us illustrate this by analogy with other arts, in which we seek the advantages of the wisdom of others.

Necessary Condition

I permit myself to be ruled by my doctor, not only because I think him wiser than I concerning health. I do so because I believe that he will actually devote himself to my health. This I am satisfied he will do because I am confident that he wants to collect my fee, and because he wants to have the reputation of having benefited me, so that he can collect fees from others as well.



In addition, there is the fact that if he practices medicine negligently he can be sued for doing so; and if he were to join in a conspiracy to injure me in any way, he can be prosecuted under the criminal law. These things testify to the fact that medical knowledge—like all the arts—is in itself morally neutral. It can be used either to help or to harm. It is the Hippocratic oath, not his medical knowledge, which commits the physician to healing. Similar considerations govern the employment of lawyers, architects, engineers, economists, and generals.

The problem of civil society is twofold: how to identify and select wise rulers, and how to assure that their wisdom will be used for the benefit of the ruled—or of the common good as distinct from their private good. Governments, like physicians, must simultaneously be the masters and the servants of those whom they govern. The case of governments is however infinitely more complicated than that of physicians. By the teaching of the Declaration, we repeat, it is the recognition of natural equality which is the ground, the necessary condition, for assuring that governments serve those they rule. For once again, it is natural equality which requires that authority be grounded in consent. It is natural equality which leads logically to the requirement that no superiority, whether in intelligence, strength, or virtue, justifies government in preferring the advantage of the few to that of the many. The process of consent, arising from the recognition of natural equality, becomes the "Hippocratic oath" of free government.

Seen from this perspective, the "state of nature" is not something belonging to the past. It is an analytical distinction within an eternal present. I know that Mr. Carter, who happens now to be President of the United States, remains my equal in nature, even as he is, temporarily, my superior in law. But it is because I know that we are equal in nature that I know that the law that makes him my superior also makes him my servant. He is there for my benefit, and for the benefit of all of our fellow-citizens, and not for any private benefits of his own. And he, like the physician, is given private compensation for performing public services. His tenure of office—indeed all tenures of office in a free government—is for a limited time only. Even offices whose tenure is indefinite—as is the case of federal judges—are so only "during good behavior." A free people always has the right to dismiss its rulers—whom it regards as its servants—at any time. This it may do either by constitutional or by revolutionary means, as Lincoln carefully observed in his first inaugural address.

Here I should like to correct a widespread misconception, arising largely from a misreading of the tenth and 51st *Federalist*, of the meaning of constitutional morality. In a celebrated paragraph, Madison writes that the great security against a tyrannical concentration of power

> consists in giving to those who administer each department the necessary constitutional means and personal motives to resist encroachments of the others. The provision for defense must in this, as in all other cases, be made commensurate to the danger of attack. The interest of the man must be connected with the constitutional rights of the place.

It is sometimes assumed from this that "personal motives" and the "interest of the man," neither of which are directed toward the common good nor toward the public well-being, constitute the sufficient ground for constitutional morality. It is thought that, in a well-constructed constitution, some kind of "invisible hand" presides over the good of the whole, without any conscious direction toward that end. But if one reads to the end of this same paragraph, one finds Madison saying,

> A dependence on the people is, no doubt,

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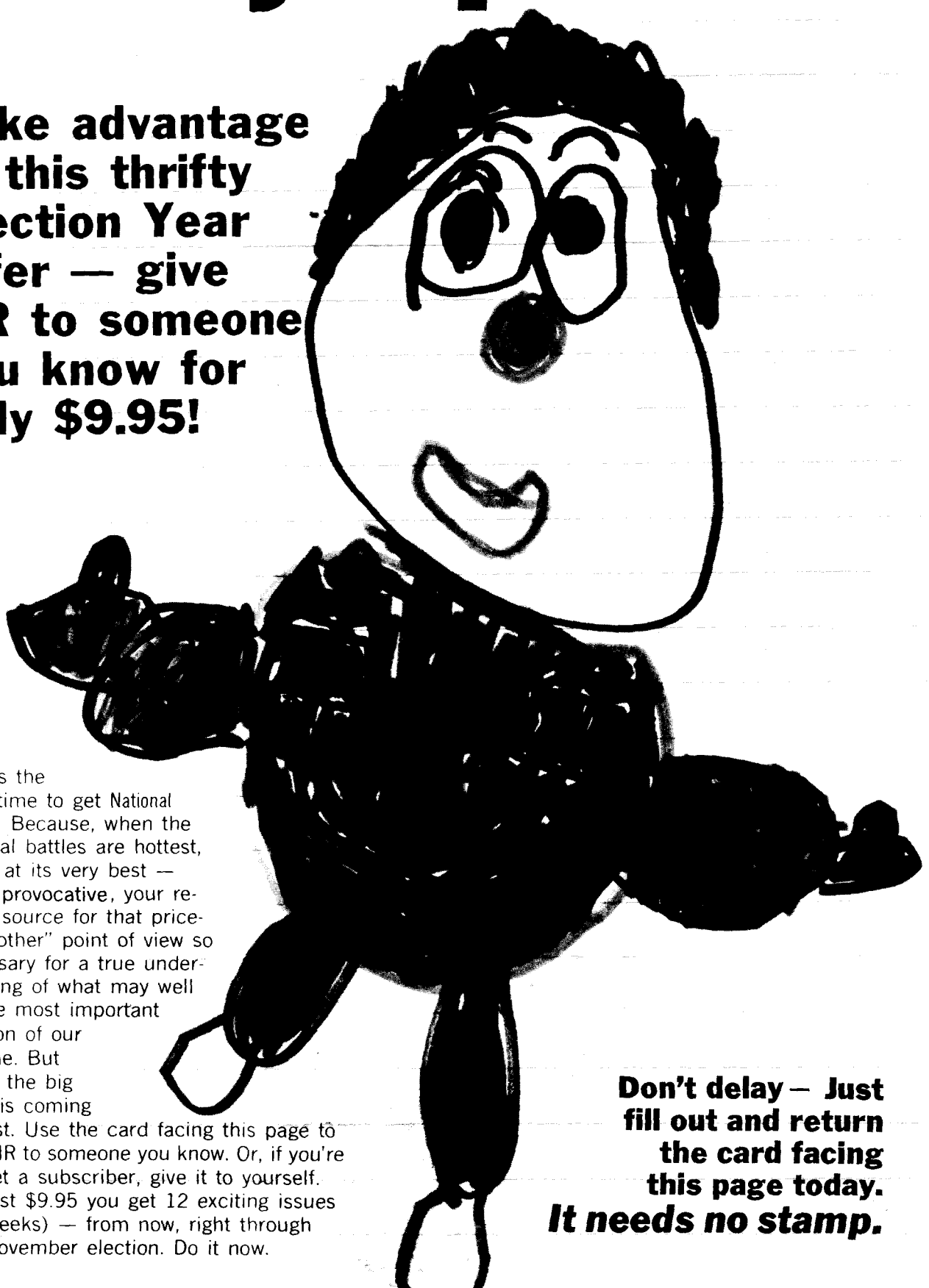

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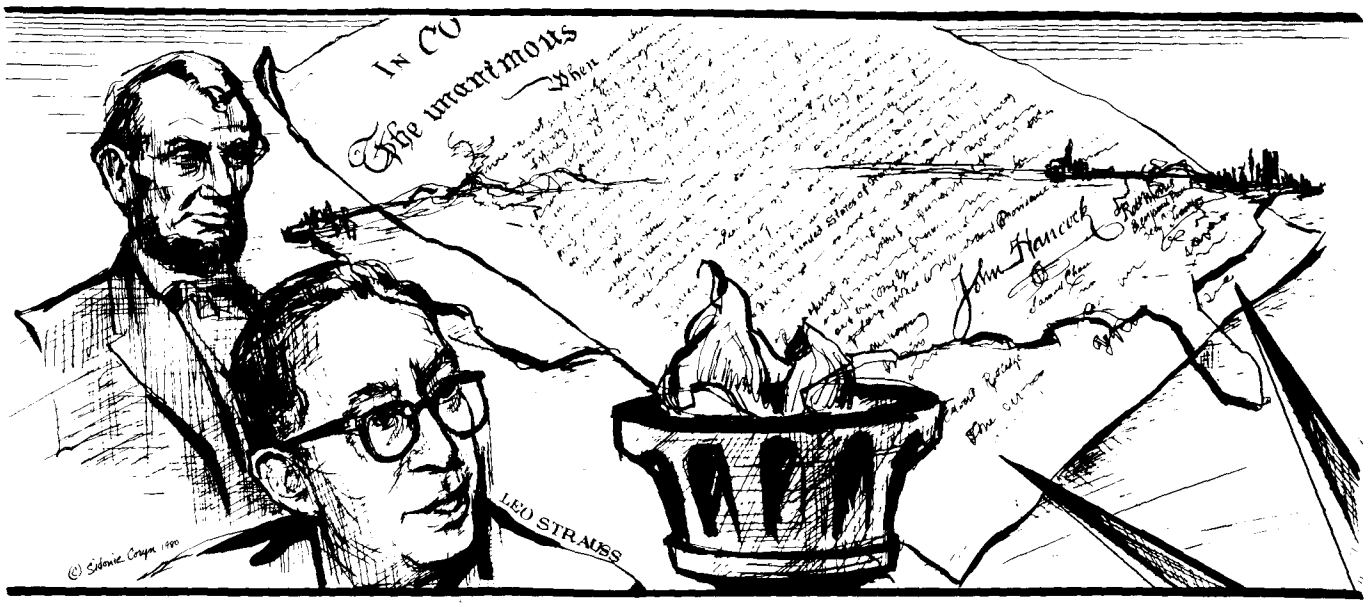

> the primary control on the government; but experience has taught mankind the necessity of auxiliary precautions.

Connecting the interests of the office-holders to the rights of their offices are then "auxiliary precautions." In the very next paragraph Madison calls them "inventions of prudence." Now prudence, according to the philosophic tradition going back to Aristotle, relates entirely to means, and not to ends. Prudence, Aristotle says, presupposes moral virtue. It is moral virtue which directs men toward their proper ends, and prudence which finds out the means to those ends. Absent moral virtue, there is absent any possibility of prudence. The prudential utilization of self-interest for the sake of ends which are good because they are in accordance with "the laws of nature and of nature's God" is what the *Federalist* may properly be said to argue.

Departing from Locke

Mr. Couch, finally, has attempted to bring in Leo Strauss, as a witness against Mr. Kesler and myself. He quotes from pp. 273 and 274 of *Natural Right & History*, to the effect that Rousseau, by thinking through the "modern natural right teaching," had reduced it to absurdity. And Mr. Couch assumes that the Declaration of Independence is thereby reduced to absurdity. In the sentence following the last one quoted by Couch, Strauss continues, saying, "Hobbes had denied that man has a natural end." And Couch rightly interprets Strauss as holding that, in this decisive respect, Locke had been a secret follower of Hobbes.

If the Declaration of Independence was merely and simply a Lockean document, Mr. Couch's argument would be decisive. Yet every schoolboy knows —or at least once knew—that Jefferson departed from Locke in declaring that among man's unalienable rights were life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness—happiness, mind you, and not "property" or "estate." If man, in the state of nature, or by nature, pursues happiness, then by nature he pursues a *summum bonum* and does not merely flee a *summum malum*. This theoretical defect in Hobbes's and Locke's teaching is then not a necessary defect of the Declaration. The limited relevance of Rousseau's critique of Hobbes and Locke has never been better expressed than by M. J. Sobran, in his review of *How to Think About the American Revolution* (NATIONAL REVIEW, December 22, 1978, p. 1602).

> Never mind Leo Strauss's contention that Locke was an intellectual hypocrite who gave his tongue to Hooker and his heart to Hobbes; the Fathers weren't Straussians, and they interpreted Locke in an innocent and traditional way.

To this I would add that Leo Strauss himself appears to have interpreted the Declaration of Independence in much the same way that Mr. Sobran says that the Fathers did. One does not understand *Natural Right & History*, or Strauss's work as a whole, without understanding that he was in the highest sense a political writer. The controlling purpose of *Natural Right & History* is supplied by the Introduction, which begins with a solemn invocation of the Declaration of Independence, one that reminds us as well of the Gettysburg Address. After repeating the Declaration's most famous sentence, Strauss continued,

> The nation dedicated to this proposition has now become, no doubt partly as a consequence of this dedication, the most powerful and prosperous of the nations of the earth. Does this nation in its maturity still cherish the faith in which it was conceived and raised? Does it still hold those "truths to be self-evident?"

The answers to those questions have unhappily become more negative every years since Strauss asked them, more than a quarter-century ago. Yet it is certain that Strauss believed those questions ought to have been answered in the affirmative. Until they could be so answered, he did not believe this nation, or the West, could recover its moral health or political vigor. Nor would it in the end preserve its freedom or material well-being. For Leo Strauss, no less than for Abraham Lincoln, the United States was the "last best hope on earth." And this was so because in the Declaration of Independence there was preserved that vital spark of natural right from which could always be re-kindled another "new birth of freedom." □

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End of Illusions

From the Continent

ERIK v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

QUITE A FEW liberal-Left-internationalist illusions are crumbling around us, above all the one that holds mankind is, after all, about the same everywhere. It is a specifically Anglo-American notion that people everywhere think, act, and dream pretty much alike, and that any religion (as well as polite irreligion) offers mankind a set of, maybe not identical, but very similar ideas and ideals about which all can agree. Certainly, "educated," "civilized" people should do so. Hence a global organization like the United Nations ought to make sense.

But the facts of life in this century flatly contradict these assumptions. The men who took part in the Congress of Vienna held a common philosophy, but the men who met at Teheran, Yalta, and Potsdam no longer did. At the Nuremberg trials (where the Soviet Katyn massacre of Polish officers was so gently and neatly dropped), some of those who sat in judgment were as beastly as the accused. At the United Nations, the Soviet Union was for a long time represented by Andrei Vishinsky, the former state prosecutor at Stalin's show trials. Lenin and Trotsky were first-rate intellectuals and "educated" men, yet both insisted that it was right to exterminate the entire family of Nicholas II—one man, one boy, and five women. This and millions of other misdeeds were committed in the USSR in the name of social justice, equality, progress, scientific materialism, enlightenment, and "the new democracy." In Germany, the National Socialists acted in the name of "German democracy," biology, eugenics, majority rule, racial purity, anticlericalism, economic betterment, and social equilibrium. Astounding? Not in light of what happened during the French Revolution, the very foundation of the world we now live in.

Love and the Koran

But if we look beyond the frontiers of Western civilization, the notions of "one world" and of the rule of reason become even more problematic, and with them the hope of "international understanding." The drama of the American hostages in Iran has to be viewed from the angle of this now shattered illusion. The Iranians are not primitives like the tribes of New Guinea; anyone who has visited the ruins of Persepolis realizes that Persia was a cultured nation at a time when our Germanic ancestors were still barbarians and savages. The Persians had intimate contacts with the Hellenic world. Their religion, Zoroastrianism, did not lack dignity and nobility. While they were able to hold the Romans at bay, they were conquered by the Arabs, who imposed on them the Islamic faith. In its Shiite form, the version accepted by Persia, Islam is subject to a clericalism unknown anywhere else in the Moslem world, as we have only recently seen. The Koran contains but one passage (5, 59) stating that God loves his people and that the people love God. Love for one's neighbor is nowhere mentioned, although love did play a role in the Sufi sect, deeply influenced by Christianity (its most outstanding representative, Al-Halladj, was crucified in the tenth century).

Concepts which are beyond discussion in the West are debatable elsewhere. Without British "colonialism" and its "insular taboos," widows would still be burnt on their husband's funeral pyres as they were in some countries until 1928. Millions of women in Africa are mutilated in order to deprive them of all sexual pleasure (a practice hotly defended by the late Jomo Kenyatta). In Central New Guinea, it is a general practice that a woman's first-born be killed and given to a mother sow to eat; the woman, in place of her child, is given a piglet, which she nurses and formally adopts as her own. Before being stamped out by their British colonial masters, the Thuggies (from which the British term "thug" is derived) used to waylay travelers and choke them to death in front of the statue of Kali, a Hindu god. Even in the most tolerant countries, it would be difficult to treat Thuggism as "a religion like any other." And the People's Temple Movement, with its mass murder/suicide, is not a regular religion either.

The horrors we have witnessed in the course of this century in Europe were not perpetrated to please any gods or graven images, but were human sacrifices offered to ideologies. The difference between Thuggies and Communists is merely that the latter worship Marx and Lenin instead of Kali, and that they execute their sacrificial victims not quickly with a cord but by slow procedures. And yet, some non-Communists believe that Communists are "people like you and me." They certainly are not. Neither are Hindus or Moslems. And what about agnostics and atheists? Those who (more or less consciously) follow Christian ethics—obeying seven of the ten Commandments—are referred to by Karl Rahner as "anonymous Christians." This they may be, but they live from the whiff of an empty bottle. How much longer? Nobody can tell.

No Common Language

The whole problem is of decisive importance in the field of foreign policy. To countless Iranians the sacredness of embassies, a time-honored concept in Western civilization, seems to mean nothing. And this is true not only of the man in the street, but also of people high in the present government who do not "like" the idea of taking and keeping hostages, but who boast quite openly about the "usefulness of this procedure." The Foreign Minister actually admitted quite candidly to the world at large that the continued retention of the hostages *no longer* makes sense. The injustice, the sufferings they are subjected to, leave millions of Iranians unmoved.

In the past, civilized nations acted according to certain rules; only with those outside the pale of Western civilization did discussions and freely agreed-upon treaties become difficult, if not impossible, due to the lack of a common "language," a common frame of reference. But now this situation arises even within our once Christian civilization. With the loss of the common framework of reference there is left only gunboat diplomacy or open warfare, as between gangs or wild beasts. □

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THE BELGRADE GAMES

A Sporting Chance?

TAKI THEODORACOPULOS

In October 1978 I was selected to represent Greece in the European karate championships. The story is pertinent to present discussions of the Moscow Olympics, because it was the first time that this event was held in a Communist country, albeit one with a human face: Yugoslavia. Belgrade, where the competition was held, is a pretty grubby place, and its inhabitants are almost as rude as the Muscovites. However, Yugoslavia had pulled out all the stops for the occasion, even to the point of inviting foreign journalists to attend, all expenses paid—something unheard of in the closely knit and very poor world of karate. However, their generosity went only so far. They housed the press in first-rate hotels while the athletes were billeted in, for lack of a better description, rat-holes. Well, first-rate is a relative term, as is rat-hole. But to describe peeling plaster, broken sinks, the smell of urine, and general shabbiness is not the purpose of this article.

The set-up of the competition itself promised much, delivered little. A showplace stadium with its seven thousand seats filled to overflowing; but the locker rooms lacked lavatories, lockers, towels, and hot water. A showplace congress hall served as a meeting place, and it was there that the annual election of the president of the karate federation was held. The electoral process—something, granted, that the Yugoslavs are not very familiar with—should have given us an inkling of what was ahead.

The voting took place on the eve of the competition. This was significant since many team captains were also competitors. The first vote was scheduled for 9 P.M. It was by show of hands. On the first ballot nine votes went to the English contender, seven to the Yugoslav. The European countries voted as a bloc, as did the Scandinavians. Belgium abstained. The Yugoslav representative ruled that the vote was null and void because of the abstention. We voted again. This time the Englishman got ten votes to the Yugoslav's seven. But this was not good enough, according to our hosts who were running the show. We then spent four hours arguing the definition of the word majority. At 2 A.M. many of the captains from non-Iron Curtain countries begged off. They had to fight early next morning. At 2:30, the Englishman pulled out and the Yugoslav was elected.

The tournament began the next day. By a lucky coincidence Yugoslavia drew a bye in the first two rounds of the team competition and, in addition, was on the easy side of the draw. The powerful English team, by an unlucky coincidence, was on the other end of the draw along with the rest of the good teams.

But first a word about competition karate. Originally, karate was an empty-handed form of self-defense in which arms and legs were trained to be used as weapons. The essence of the art was *kime*, or the focus on strength, a sudden explosion of technnique, with speed producing power. Originally, practitioners of karate nurtured the spirit of humility through strength. But with the passing of the Samurai, or Bushido, philosophy at the end of World War II and the coming of materialism and the American occupation forces, karate changed. It became a competitive sport. Under competitive rules, the line between disqualification and victory is very fine. Five judges and a referee decide if a punch gets close enough or is pulled too much. If you cut an opponent while attacking you are usually disqualified, but if you punch a man who is charging in and cut him, you are not. It's all up to the judges.

The team competition was won by Yugoslavia. England was beaten, Italy was disqualified, and Germany lost on points. Wales was denied a flag during the opening ceremony. Scotland, wisely, did not attend. (Yugoslavia, for its own reasons, refused to admit Great Britain as a federation.) In the individual contests all the favorites were either disqualified or beaten on decisions by the judges. The Yugoslavs got to the finals in the individual contests, although an Englishman was the eventual winner. But the Yugoslavs swept every title in the technical competition, where the rulings of the judges are all-important.

Meanwhile, the Greek team, of which I was a member, fought Hungary, the weakest team. We lost 5 to 0, since all five of us were disqualified. Hungary fought Yugoslavia next. And lost 5 to 0, surprise.

That was in 1978. In 1979, there was another karate championship—in Belgium this time. Every title was swept by the English. The Yugoslavs came in among the last. The English team was missing its greatest star, Terry O'Neil. The Yugoslavs had the same team as in 1978. No lucky coincidences in the draws this time, I guess. Or in the decisions of the judges.

If Western athletes do go to Moscow, they should understand that every competition that involves judging—such as diving, wrestling, boxing, gymnastics—will be chancy. Even if the judges are from neutral or non-aligned countries their judgments tend to be politicized by the prevailing atmosphere. The press should be warned, too. Belgrade gave us a good preview of what to expect from the Moscow Olympics. □

Mr. Theodoracopulos writes a regular column for Esquire.

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HIMALAYAN INTERLUDE

A Walk to Tibet

FRANCIS B. RANDALL

TIBET IS A mythical country. Real people do not get there. Friar Odoric of Pordenone passed through in the late 1320s—it is said. The Jesuits Grueber and d'Orville reached Lhasa in 1661—but Jesuits have supernatural powers. The Chinese sent an army across Tibet and the Himalayas to humble Nepal in 1792—if you believe that sort of thing. Francis Younghusband invaded Tibet from the south in 1904, machine-gunned Tibetan troops armed with swords, and returned to England and praise for his magnanimous restraint. Ronald Colman returned to Shangri-La to become a three-hundred-year-old lama. Lowell Thomas fell off his horse at Karo Pass. Engineers Chuck and George installed a computer on which *their* lama recorded the Nine Billion Names of God; that done, they noticed that overhead, without any fuss, the stars were going out.

Worse yet are the Westerners who do take Tibet seriously: Madame Blavatsky, Hermione and her little circle of serious thinkers, the students who are "into" Eastern Religion. All this has made us think of Tibet as a joke and screens the real Tibet, the highest land on earth, from which a few million Tibetans wrest a wretched living with unending, back-breaking labor; where these Tibetans, inspired by the greater civilizations of India and China, have slowly built their own distinct and marvelous culture; and where these Tibetans suffered the genocidal fury of the Chinese Communists and became a Holocaust people the Jews of Asia—and yet retained their traditional ferocity and cheerfulness.

In January 1979, I set out for Tibet—not for Lhasa (the Communists are clever enough not to let many foreigners into Chinese-conquered Tibet to see what they have done), but for Mustang, a small Tibetan kingdom fortunate enough to be subject for the last two hundred years to the God-Kings of Nepal.

We flew first to New Delhi airport, where we uncertainly boarded a Royal Nepal Airlines plane guarded by painted monster faces of Kal Bhairav, "the Dark Lord of Destruction," on the fuselage and powered, one feared, by a large, tightly wound rubber band. We whirred into the air and strained to see the faint, jagged, snowy line of the Himalayas, at first two hundred miles away and then thrillingly nearer and nearer, a psychedelic preview of the great peaks we would soon crawl past so laboriously on the ground.

We landed at Katmandu, the capital of Nepal, a forbidden kingdom as recently as 1950. Nepal begins in the sea-level tropical rain forests, where you climb out of a tiny plane directly onto the back of an elephant, which plunges into swamps of 18-foot-high elephant grass to search for the vanishing Indian rhinoceros on the way to a treehouse lodge called Tiger Tops, from which you are summoned after dinner to pad silently along a forest path to a blind beyond which a vanishing Bengal tiger devours a staked-out buffalo calf with fierce growls, slurps, and crunches. The bulk of the perhaps 13 million Nepalese live at middle altitudes, between about 3,000 and 8,000 feet, in green valleys which foreigners who can bring themselves to return home call paradises. And above these rise the Himalayas: Everest and, indeed, eight of the ten highest mountains in the world; and beyond them lies Tibet.

Our program was to climb west over two Himalayan spurs and down into two Grand Canyons, north through the main Himalayan range, northeast into the Tibetan highlands to a point about 15,400 feet, and then back. Adding it all up, we climbed about 34,000 feet and descended 34,000 feet in twenty days. This was no heroic physical feat; any modestly fit, fat, middle-aged person such as myself could do it. It's not even called climbing in the Himalayas, which shoot up almost twice that high.

WE SPREAD out for miles up a mountainside: seven American hikers, eight Sherpas, and 15 porters. Sherpas are the extraordinary highland tribesmen, Mongoloid and Buddhist, from just south of Everest who have won a near-monopoly on taking hikers and climbers up the Nepalese Himalayas. The Sherpas guided us, interpreted for us, cooked and cleaned up for us, set up and took down our fancy sleeping tents (and our even fancier dining-room tent, table, and chairs), and mothered us.

And the porters, collected from various tribes, carried it all. They were little tubercular fellows, who raced up the passes with hundred-pound loads on their backs, relaxing at the shrines on top with their cigarettes. For all this, each porter received the princely equivalent of $1.50 a day, which he often gambled away to his brothers beside the campfires at night.

The humans of Nepal held us with horrible fascination, but we turned with relief to the wild nature all around. We climbed through rain forests up to 7,000 feet or so, with lianas, orchids, parrots and other brilliantly colored birds, families of Rhesus and sacred Langur mon-

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keys, and even a lesser panda. Higher up still, from 7,000 to 10,000 feet, lie the rhododendron forests, where our polite suburban bushes grow, here in their homeland, into 75-foot trees, only a few of which were blooming in January; but the few trees covered with big scarlet balls gave promise of the full season in March, when their glowing flames would light up the skyline like a forest fire.

And every day, above the sky, there were the Himalayas. They are not just twice as high as our "high" mountains in the United States and Europe; they are qualitatively—existentially—different in kind. They don't look it in photographs; they do when one is before them. In January they are usually glitteringly clear from dawn till about 2 P.M., but they don't "look deceptively near"—not the Himalayas. Perhaps it is the rockwork; rocks crack at the same irregular intervals on large and small mountains, but there is much *more* rock detail on the 15,000 feet of a Himalayan giant that stands above timberline. From about 2 P.M. the beautiful, brutal scene is softened into a dream by haze and clouds; clouds are the same size in the Himalayas as in the Alps, and therefore comparatively *much* smaller. There is an acutely sensible difference between looking up two miles to Mt. Rainier and looking four and a half miles up to Dhaulagiri. The Himalayan snows glow blue-white by moonlight, and even under the stars there is something huge and luminous way up there. In sun and under cloud, they are continually eye-drawing—blinding, intense, and unsettling.

Our Himalayas were Annapurna and Dhaulagiri. They are end-to-end massifs, in the center of Nepal, each about fifty miles long. We saw most of Annapurna, "the Giver of Life." Our starting point was just south (twenty miles south!) of Machhapuchare, "the Fishtail," an astonishing Matterhorn peak about 8,000 feet higher than the Swiss Matterhorn. It is one of the most sacred, famous, and photographed mountains of the world; but it is a mere southern spur of Annapurna, not even one of its fifty higher peaks.

The Himalayas are the First Wonder of the World, but they are also the border and rampart of Tibet. On our first day of hiking we met our first Tibetans, driving a donkey train of salt to sell in the Nepalese village of Pokhara. The various Nepalese tribes are rather small people, neatly dressed in the usually thin and delicate tunics and saris of North India, who regulate their walk, gestures, and expressions with precision and restraint. Not the Tibetans! These Tibetan donkey drivers strutted and swaggered down the trail like Texans, wrapped even in the tropics in thick, woolen garments composed of sewn sections of gorgeous, mostly reddish, cloth faded with dirt, and complete with large, colored woolen boots. Their faces were burnt darker than the Nepalese; their hair, spilling from their faces and braids, curled away unkempt. They scowled darkly at us, or smiled vehement and ferocious smiles. When Tibetans come along, Nepalese and Americans alike stand to one side.

At the end of the first day's hike, we tented near the Tibetan refugee camp at Henja. Refugees from what?

The K'ang Hsi Emperor of China established a vague suzerainty over Tibet in 1720, which the Tibetans believe lapsed with the fall of the Chinese Empire in 1911; but Chinese nationalists, pre-Communist and Communist alike, have maintained a sovereign claim to Tibet ever since, with their characteristic intense devotion to the ideal of a great, unified, truly independent, and significant China. In 1935, when the Communists were on their Long March, fleeing through China's wild west, they were attacked and badly mauled by an east Tibetan tribe that was wholly outside the territory and influence of the Dalai Lama; but Mao Tse-tung always held it against all Tibetans.

His revenge was delayed but terrible. In 1950, after the Communists had conquered China, they invaded and conquered Tibet, promising, in a treaty of 1951, to respect the Dalai Lama's rule and the political and religious autonomy of Tibet. But, to the Communists, it would have been politically dangerous and completely unethical to observe such a treaty. Any real autonomy for Tibet would have violated their sense of the sacred unity of great China. They were genuinely revolted by Tibetan religion and government, which they honestly regarded as the most horribly superstitious, backward, and cruel system in the world. Tibetan autonomy only increased the unrest in the neighboring tribal areas of southwest China, where three million Tibetans lived in provinces long since annexed to China, far more than the 1.8 million Tibetans in the Dalai Lama's state, the Tibet that appears on maps. And Tibet was on most of the disputed border with India, where tensions were building up to the eventual war in 1962. And so, throughout the 1950s Chinese Communist officials and soldiers, both in the "Chinese" provinces and in the Dalai Lama's Tibet, seized the monasteries' lands, persecuted the monks, profaned the shrines, brutalized the people, flooded Chinese immigrants into the country, and deliberately provoked a rebellion.

The hopeless rebellion flared in 1952-53 and began again in 1956 among the Khamba nomads in the "Chinese" provinces, spread north into the Amdo region from which the Dalai Lama had come, and west, in 1958, to become a resistance movement of most of the Tibetan people—and ferocious, as all guerrilla wars inevitably are. In March

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1959, Chinese troops in Lhasa tried to kidnap the Dalai Lama and then shelled him in his palace; but he escaped and, with Khamba help, crossed the Himalayas to India, where he maintains a government-in-exile to this day.

Chinese armies poured into Tibet, destroyed dozens of towns and hundreds of villages, killed hundreds of thousands of men and boys, had hundreds of thousands of their widows raped by and married to Chinese soldiers, starved the lamas, monks, and nuns out of the monasteries to face execution, slave camps, and rape-marriage, desecrated the shrines, burnt the art, and made enormous efforts to destroy the entire Tibetan Buddhist religion and culture. While Mao lived, there were no monasteries in Tibet, no practicing monks or nuns. No one could legally hold or attend a Buddhist service, turn a prayer wheel, or say "Om Mani Padme Hum." Hundreds of thousands of survivors fled, with heavy losses from Communist gunfire and exposure, over the Himalayas to India, Pakistan, Nepal, Sikkim, and Bhutan. Their homeland was swamped with forced Chinese immigrants, most of whom died like flies; the Communists admit that there are only 120,000 left.

Since Mao died, Deng Xiaoping, who is reversing so much of Communism in China, has also partly relaxed the anti-Buddhist policy—but not Chinese control—in Tibet. Of the once 2,464 monasteries in Tibet there are now ten, according to a *New York Times* reporter who recently visited Lhasa; the monks had been reduced from one-fifth of the population to about two thousand, and no one has been allowed to become a monk since 1959.

THIS WAS the Holocaust the Tibetans are refugees from. Scarcely anyone in the world knew much about it, or gave a damn, and absolutely no one was able to do anything to help. Even today, twenty years after this massive genocide, I am asked, "How do we know it really happened?" "Aren't these just refugee stories?" "Has any objective observer checked up on the spot?" "Isn't all this just cold war propaganda?" True, no objective observer has ever checked up on the spot; somehow the Chinese Communists have never gotten around to letting one in to conduct an investigation. True, these are all stories told by refugees—hundreds of thousands of stories. Stories recorded in reports by conscientious Indian civil servants while their government weakly appeased its powerful neighbor. Stories recorded in piles of United Nations documents while the Security Council declined to intervene in "an internal affair of the People's Republic of China." Stories published by the Swiss, who have the only unblemished record of trying to help Tibet. Stories published by the Dalai Lama's government-in-exile, which are no more listened to than the Jews' cries for help during World War II, which were then also just refugee stories. Stories I heard on my walk: "The Communists killed almost everyone in our village . . ." "First they killed all the monks, and then . . ." "A Chinese soldier raped and married my wife; I haven't seen her since I had to flee for my life . . ." "They shot all the boys in our school; I was wounded and lost consciousness, so they left me for dead . . . "

The refugee camp at Henja, built and partly maintained by the Swiss, who have sympathy for fellow mountaineers, is neat, ordered, and, by Nepali standards, genuinely prosperous. Fine pile rugs and other handicrafts are produced in profitable quantity, and the temple bravely tries to carry on the great tradition. But at 3,500 feet Henja is too low for yaks to live, and most of the older Tibetans died in the first few monsoon summers. We bought rugs and temple bells, and pressed on through the Himalayas to the kingdom of Mustang, an authentic surviving part of ancient Tibet.

We climbed out of the tremendous Dark Gorge the next day, in a snowfall too delicately beautiful to speak about, another 3,600 feet into Tibet. The Himalayas, now south of us, cut off the monsoon rains so that no forests grow here, only chaste and austere slopes of grass tufts and semi-desert bushes, like our own high Western sagebrush country, complete with badland cliffs at the edge of this hanging valley.

The villages, usually on little ridges, are close-built jumbles of adobe brick houses, some six stories high, some with fine carved window grills and surrounds, with dark, twisting alleys underneath.

The villagers are wretchedly poor, wrapped in their gorgeous, filthy woolens, over which many women wear big pectoral plaques of barbaric, tarnished silver. At ten degrees Fahrenheit, they must be wretchedly cold. The unsmiling, almost unmoving children are heart-rending. Yet neither poverty nor Buddhism keeps these Tibetans from standing there, sturdy and proud, meeting our eyes equally, clearly manifesting a will and an ability to survive.

OUR GOAL, the following day, is the shrine of Muktinath, "the Fire Lord," 12,500 feet up in this valley, beneath the icy-blue, sky-high peaks of Annapurna. A natural gas vent, burning since the year 889, emerges right above a spring of water, a miracle of Chenrezi to Buddhists, and of Vishnu to Hindus. We then climb, slowly and heavily at this altitude, to a gap we call Gasping Pass and a bump in a yak pasture we call Freezetoes Peak, at 15,400 feet, for views of the immense wintry horizon, from the heights of Annapurna north over the snowstreaked hills to Chinese Tibet, all under a flawless, burning, steel-blue sky.

On our last day in Tibet we climb down to the Dark Gorge and our last Tibetan site, the town of Kagbeni, with the tallest grey castle and the darkest subterranean alleys of all, on a shelf over the rushing glacial river. This is as far north as Westerners are allowed to go on the trail to the Chinese frontier, and as far south as Tibetans from Chinese-conquered Tibet are allowed to come. The Nepalese police eye us, we eye some particularly wild-looking Tibetans, and some relatively healthy-looking children have a school giggle at all of us. Then we march back through the dark alleys, past all the prayer wheels, down the Dark Gorge through the Himalayas, past many Tibetan yak trains, and back to Pokhara, Katmandu, New Delhi, and New York.

I have been privileged, if only for a moment, to walk—the respectful approach—to a tiny part of Tibet that is still Tibet, which still harbors its tragic remnant of a people, which still shows what man can do in the face of adverse nature and inhuman fellow men. It will probably succumb, either sooner to Communism or later to the modern world. Even if it survives, I shall never see it, or the like of it, again. □

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No More 'Free Riders'

The Lawmakers

M. STANTON EVANS

THE GORDIAN Knot of American labor law may finally have found its Alexander.

For twenty years and more, labor relations in this country have been marred by squabbles over the "right to work," resulting in a practical and philosophical stalemate. Friends of voluntary unionism contend that workers should not be required to join a union as a condition of employment, as occurs in literally millions of cases. In an effort to change this situation, the voluntary-unionism people have pressed for "right to work" laws in the several states and fought a series of battles in the courts.

The labor chieftains and other fans of compulsory unionism always have a ready answer for such agitation. Compulsory membership is necessary, they contend, in simple justice, to avert the problem of "free riders." These are people for whom the union bargains and who enjoy the benefits of its representation, but who otherwise would pay nothing for the privilege. Membership (or payment of the equivalent of dues) is the unions' indicated answer.

Further, the supporters of compulsory unionism observe, "union shop" arrangements are permissive under U.S. labor law, not obligatory. Unions and employers are allowed to arrive at such agreements, but not required to. And while workers affected by these contracts must join a union not of their choosing, they don't have to work at the shop in question. So what's the problem?

Having spent a number of years in legal conflict with the broadcast union AFTRA over the question of compulsory membership, I am passably familiar with such arguments (along with the editor of this journal, I ended up paying the equivalent of dues). In the course of this battle, the fallacies of the "free rider" argument were forcibly driven home to me. The only reason there are "free riders," I discovered, is that the law requires them—in the so-called "exclusive bargaining agent" provision of Taft-Hartley.

The statute (Section 9a) puts it this way: "Representatives designated or selected for the purposes of collective bargaining by the majority of the employees in a unit appropriate for such purposes shall be the exclusive representatives of all the employees in such unit for the purposes of collective bargaining in respect of pay, wages, hours of employment, or other conditions of employment . . ."

In other words, any union selected as a bargaining agent for a labor unit is the exclusive representative of all the workers in that unit in dealing with the employer—whether they are members of the union or not. They may not bargain for themselves, or have some other collective entity do so. Whatever their wishes in the matter, they are, perforce, "free riders" on the union.

A Wanted 'Burden'

Why is this provision in the law? The labor leaders would have us see it as a burden, but it was in fact included in our labor law—beginning with the Wagner Act—at their insistence, and they are not about to relinquish it. The reason for this stance is obvious. They don't want individual workers—or any other negotiating entities—bargaining for themselves, which in the labor view might undermine the union. They prefer to have the union representing everybody—including the people who voted against it in the first place and don't want to be members of it.

This abrogation of free choice would be sufficiently bad all by itself. But having shanghaied non-union workers into "exclusive" representation, the labor chieftains turn around and demand that such workers be made to join precisely because they have been shanghaied. An equivalent situation would have arisen if the Symbionese Liberation Army, after kidnapping Patty Hearst, had billed her family for her room and board. The initial compulsion of forced representation becomes the pretext for the further compulsion of forced membership.

The Alexander who proposes to hack through this tangle of contrived confusion is Senator Orrin Hatch (R. Utah), who has emerged as one of the leading congressional authorities on labor issues. He has presented a bill (S. 1027) which would eliminate the compulsory unionism problem at its source by addressing the issue of representation. Hatch's bill, among other things, would eliminate the exclusive bargaining agent provision of Taft-Hartley thereby relieving the unions of the self-imposed necessity of representing the "free riders."

Hatch's Modification

Hatch would modify the section of Taft-Hartley quoted above by removing the word "all" and adding the proviso that "nothing in this act shall preclude any individual employee or group of employees acting in concert from electing to make and administer directly with their employer any individual or collective contract of employment or present any grievances, without the intervention of the collective bargaining representative, whether that contract or grievance adjustment is consistent or inconsistent with the terms of a collective bargaining agreement then in effect."

The rationale for this amendment is aptly stated in the bill's declaration of policy, which asserts that "to require by law that labor organizations act as the collective bargaining representatives of employees who are not members of such labor organizations or who do not otherwise support them interferes with the exercise by workers, jointly and individually, of their full freedom of association, self-organization, and designation of the representatives of their own choosing . . ."

Abolishing "exclusive representation" would at a stroke resolve that problem, relieve the unions of "free riders," and finesse the issue of compulsory membership. Sounds like an ideal solution for all concerned. □

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Reflections On The Draft

Tomorrow and Tomorrow

MICHAEL NOVAK

THE EXISTENCE of the draft was so important to the antiwar protests of the late 1960s that President Nixon saw the political benefits to be derived from terminating it, and did so.

In the best of all possible worlds, no draft would ever be necessary. The doctrine of the Incarnation teaches us, however, that God's grace is to be found in the world as it is, not in some purified utopia. However high the moral aspirations and protestations of the world's peoples, wars and rumors of wars are characteristic of human life as it is. Christian nations have warred upon Christian nations. Socialist nations have warred upon socialist nations.

The situation is not much different in the moral life of individuals. Despite ever higher levels of literacy and enlightenment, there are few signs that the force of evil is being diminished in the human breast. It is true that some evils are redefined. Divorce, abortion, and homosexual activities are currently regarded by some enlightened persons as moral rather than as immoral. Self-betrayal, infidelity, selfishness, hedonism, cruelty, and other evils of personal life do not seem to be diminishing in frequency.

Most of the world still suffers, as it always has, under tyranny. Yet this tyranny today is more total in its controls than any in history. Furthermore, this tyranny is more dynamic today than it has been so far in this century, for several reasons. The Soviet Union cannot grant internal liberties without losing total control over its citizens. Its single-minded concentration upon achieving military primacy has, therefore, a certain inner logic. The Soviets cannot do just anything they want. But their room for maneuver now is greater than that of U.S. and allied forces.

The U.S. itself is not as dependent on the oil of the Middle East as are its allies. Soviet control over the oil, direct or indirect, could place several of the world's key democracies under the sway of Soviet influence. The struggle over Middle Eastern oil will determine the fate of several democracies.

The deterioration of the U.S. forces is so great that most of our military units are armed with weapons older than the men who use them. Military pay is so low that skilled craftsmen are deserting the services by the thousands. The simple maintenance of helicopters—witness the disastrous rescue mission—strains our military capacity. Most of our ships at sea and our ground and air forces are ill supplied, undermanned, and at dismal levels of maintenance and readiness. The intellectual level of the all-volunteer army has fallen to unprecedented levels.

The draft must, therefore, be morally judged by comparison with its alternative. An all-volunteer army is not sufficiently representative of the intelligence, skills, income, and educational levels of the population as a whole. It is not a true citizens' army.

THE DRAFT, of couse, must respect individual conscience. Modifications of the selective service law to respect individual conscience were made before inductions ended in 1973.

But the task of defending this nation and the possibilities of democratic life elsewhere did not end in 1945 or 1973. In the 1980s the threat to civilization is as high as it was in the 1930s, for Soviet forces far exceed those of Hitler in their power, range, training, readiness, and stated ambitions. The training of terrorists and subversive agents has reached gigantic proportions. To pretend that huge amounts of money, intelligence, manpower, and armaments are not being massed against the survival of liberty in the world is to live in a world of dreams and wishes.

To forestall the impending military confrontations, nothing is so effective as readiness to resist. "If you desire peace, prepare for war."

Much depends, then, on the willingness, generosity, and spirit of self-sacrifice of the nation's youth. It is urgent to improve the quality of the U.S. armed forces, in personnel and in equipment, as rapidly as possible. Time is very short. In this perspective, it is a Christian duty for those who see it so, to rise to the defense of the nation. It would be wonderful if intelligent, idealistic, and able young Americans volunteered for service to their nation. But it would be far more fair if selective service called upon members of every class to serve the nation.

An army composed disproportionately of the poor, the less intellectually able, and the less idealistic is not healthy for our democracy. Nor is it a sufficient deterrent to the ambitious, bold, younger leaders who may emerge during the next crisis in Soviet leadership.

There is a particular danger that those whose formative experience in these matters came during the antiwar period of 1965-1975 will be frozen in moral attitudes adopted then but now outmoded. Lessons learned in one era are often precisely the opposite of those required for a rapidly changing moral situation. "The lesson of Vietnam" does not illuminate the tremendously altered geopolitical situation of 1980. In order to be moral, it is not necessary to be intellectually frozen. Moral wisdom, like political wisdom, depends upon a firm grasp of the realities of the moment.

Those who do not fear the decline of U.S. power which has occurred during the last twenty years, as against the growing might of the Soviet empire, unwittingly precipitate the very military crisis they claim to be preventing.

Peace and justice depend on military readiness. Under voluntarism, U.S. readiness has alarmingly declined. The draft appears to be the most fair, most efficient, least costly, and most hopeful alternative in these most critical next few years. Having supported resistance to the draft in the Vietnam period, I now intend to stand with those generous enough to accept burdens they did not choose and would prefer to set aside—burdens on which the fate of all of us depends. The times are not like those of the 1960s. The appropriate moral response is different. □

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Books Arts & Manners

Contours of the Constitution

Democracy and Distrust
By John Hart Ely
Harvard, 268 pp., $15

JOSEPH SOBRAN

In this book—already widely hailed as a gem of constitutional theorizing—John Hart Ely, rakishly handsome young Harvard Law prof, re-opens the old question: Just how do you justify judicial review in a democracy? He comes up with a radically simple answer, an answer so original and elegant as to make jaded eyes sparkle at the wit of it. We are dealing, ladies and gentlemen, with a truly stylish mind in Mr. Ely. Even if one rejects his argument—as one had better—one cannot fail to enjoy the intellectual zest with which he tackles a host of issues, large and small, along the way. He is the kind of man who, right or wrong, notices things (principally difficulties) that have hitherto passed unnoticed. He forces the reader to see the Constitution with new eyes—which alone would cover a multitude of sins, even the very grave sin of attempting to vindicate the Supreme Court under Earl Warren, to whom *Democracy and Distrust* is dedicated.

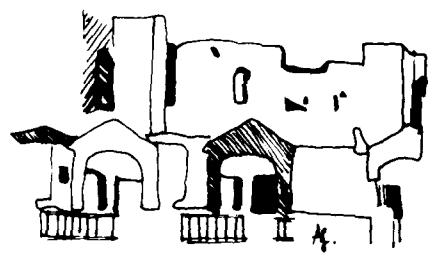
As Ely sees it, the powers of the Supreme Court in applying the Constitution have never been adequately accounted for. On the face of it, the notion of a small appointive body curbing a popularly elected legislature seems to run counter to the notion of self-government. The paradox reached a high-water mark in the Warren era, when nine men imposed on two hundred million the one-man/one-vote principle. Was that a very democratic thing to do?

Ely well knows how that looks, and he makes no bones about the Warren team's inability to come up with an adequate philosophical rationale for its activism. Yet he thinks the Warren instincts were correct, and he tries, like Burke defending prejudice, to articulate the latent wisdom he thinks he discerns.

If things had ever gotten to the impeachment stage, Ely would have made a superb mouthpiece for Warren. But though I suppose even Supreme Court justices have the right to an attorney, I can't help feeling that in Ely the old rascal has a better defender than he deserves.

Ely rejects two standard approaches to judicial review. First is the conservative or "interpretivist" one, according to which the Court should confine itself to reading the text as literally as possible, guided by the intent of the Framers wherever that can be ascertained. The trouble with this, Ely says, is that the Constitution itself, in some of its provisions, requires us to apply extra-textual values, i.e., our ideas of "cruel and unusual punishment." No literal interpretation can wring a definitive meaning out of that phrase.

The other philosophy of judicial review—the more prevalent one lately and the one the Warren Court usually thought it was following—stresses substantive values to be pursued through the judicial process, and justifies some pretty free-wheeling judicial improvisations on the grounds that it is the Court's job to seek "fundamental values" which are somehow inherent in the Constitution. Judges and scholars who favor activism have appealed to natural law, reason, tradition, consensus, and (most slippery of all) an allegedly "emerging" consensus, the consensus of the future (a future whose form is always suspiciously congenial to him that foresees it).



Is there a third alternative? Yes, says Ely: "the argument from the general contours of the Constitution." As he sees it, the Constitution is a basically fluid thing, much more concerned with republican procedures than with any particular substantive values. By studying the document's structure, he tries to isolate procedural principles such as ought to guide judicial review, and to warrant a good deal of judicial activism.

The basic procedural principal is representative government itself. Ely refuses the trap of opposing majority rule to minority rights. Both, he says, are constitutionally valid so far as they embody the rule that everyone is entitled to count in the political process. Thus, for instance, Ely can argue that the reapportionment decisions should be seen as realizations not only of the Fourteenth Amendment's "equal protection" clause but also of the Article I provision guaranteeing to each state a "republican form of government." More

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Curtis Carroll Davis, *an analyst of national security and defense policies, makes his reappearance in* NR *after an absence of many years. . . .* **Adrian Karatnycky** *has written on Soviet and East European affairs for* Commonweal, The New Republic, *and other journals. . . .* **Mitchell S. Ross** *is the author of* The Literary Politicians *and* An Invitation to Our Times.

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mportant, to Ely, both provisions express the same principle, as viewed from different perspectives.

For a champion of judicial activism, Ely is well disposed toward majority rule, to which he would leave as much of the substantive decision-making as possible. In fact he thinks the judiciary's real function is to keep majority rule honest, by tuning up its mechanisms in keeping with constitutional principles. He observes that the more recent amendments have been largely concerned with "increasing popular control" and with "extend[ing] the franchise," making representative government ever more representative.

And so, on his view of the Court's role, he objects to the abortion decisions, because they usurp the proper legislative function of choosing substantive values; but he would strike down all laws making sexual classifications if they were passed before women's suffrage! I suspect that this backward kick he would give the Nineteenth Amendment is so far from the Framers' intent that, had it been included in the original understanding of what the Amendment would entail, women's suffrage would have had to wait. Be that as it may, the appeal to the "contours" of the Constitution seems to me to elide too easily into an appeal to the "spirit" of the Constitution, which is too close for comfort to an open-ended "fundamental values" approach of the kind that allows the judicial branch to go ape.

I JUST don't think Ely really disposes of interpretivism. Its difficulties are no worse than those of Ely's approach, and are, I think, inherent in the Constitution itself, perhaps in the nature of law; it's the approach of common sense; and, in a republic, it conduces to a desirable judicial modesty. (My own hunch is that most modern constitutional problems can be traced to an unresolved tension between the Ninth and Tenth and the Fourteenth Amendments.) And surely Ely is wrong to suggest that the abortion decisions have been different in kind from Warren-type activism, when the majority of the majority in *Roe* v. *Wade* were veterans of the Warren era.

I have said nothing about Ely's remarks on such matters as the incorporation doctrine, the Ninth Amendment, freedom of speech, and affirmative action; maybe it's enough to say that he refreshes the discussion of nearly every topic he addresses. His mere presence on the scene is almost enough to guarantee a stimulating period in constitutional theory during the years to come. □

The Age of Surveillance
By Frank J. Donner
Knopf, 530 pp., $17.95

OBSESSION

CURTIS CARROLL DAVIS

This hefty volume, by the project director for political surveillance of the American Civil Liberties Union, attempts institutional massacre and character assassination under the guise of an academic treatise. It is footnoted and annotated and sports an extensive bibliography. The author draws also on personal interviews and has a lengthy Acknowledgments section, wherein one notices the names of such dyed-in-the-wool Galahads as Carey McWilliams, Father Robert Drinan, and Daniel Ellsberg.

Mr. Donner's targets are the investigatory arms of the various federal agencies which, since roughly 1910, have in his view been galloping roughshod over every one of our civil liberties. All of their jihads, however, have been "maimed by the Achilles heel of illegitimacy," thereby inducing "the climate of fear and dependence that is the elixir of all intelligence systems," and nurtured by "a nativist anti-radicalism [which] has survived and flourished not merely as an offering in the political marketplace but as a destructive Manichean demonology."

Evoking this atmosphere is what Mr. Donner labels the "menace" of an all-encompassing, unreasoning fear of Communist subversion—a threat which does not really exist. American culture is in essence "politics, the first line of defense of the capitalist economic order," currently subjected to a "continuing worldwide erosion of [its] economic and social structures." Resistance to "movements for change"—by implication, toward socialism or Communism—is the basic motivation for a counterattack by the "patrioteers," "vigilantes," and "ultra-rightists." Among other victims, this campaign has left the American Communist Party "naked to its enemies."

Almost all government agencies are guilty of this massive violation of the First, Fifth, and other Amendments. So is your average grand jury, which has become "a police-state instrument." And intelligence personnel within the Armed Forces, says Mr. Donner, are but driven "zealots." As for the Internal Revenue Service, its "undercover capability . . . outweighs that of all the other federal agencies combined," and is utilized for much devilry. But the author reserves his most perfervid prose for the FBI and the late J. Edgar Hoover.

Mr. Donner brings the Bureau's very legitimacy into question from at least the time of Franklin D. Roosevelt. (This posture may not be unconnected with his estimate that, by the mid-Seventies, the Bureau's file on the ACLU came to forty or fifty thousand pages.) Its agents are imbued with "a personal animus and a self-righteous zeal"; you might as well call them "commissars for a besieged American orthodoxy." For that matter, call the Bureau itself a Ministry of Internal Security.

The chief "shaman" of this dire *apparat* was that "American Goebbels," the late Mr. J. Edgar Hoover. This "supreme hedgehog," this very "Stalin," was torn by emotions of "suppressed aggression and vengefulness," and furthermore "had no qualifications for dealing with concepts on even a rudimentary level." A lengthy Appendix brings together all of the Director's speeches, publications, and related utterances, not in the interest of scholarly completeness, but in order to demonstrate the man's egomania. To take it alphabetically, Hoover was an antisemite, a blackmailer, a master of deceit, a sadist, and a voyeur. What's more, he didn't like women.

One could go on and on. Now, any informed citizen understands that our government at one time or another, in one jurisdiction or another, has committed excesses. Some of them have been grievous. One can sorrowfully acquiesce in Churchill's maxim to the ef-

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fect that a democracy is the worst possible way to run a country—until you consider the alternatives. But Mr. Donner does not go into alternatives. He is content with rhetorical "overkill" (a term he is fond of applying to his targets). Why doth he protest so much? His tone and assumptions are so one-sided as to arouse the suspicion that at least one reason for these extraordinary fulminations may be found in a condition he himself confesses to in his Introduction—"An Obsession." □

Orwell: The Transformation
By Peter Stansky and William Abrahams
Knopf, 302 pp., $12.95

SHOOTING AN ORWELL

RICHARD BROOKHISER

"I see that Mr. Orwell is intellectual-hunting again." That melancholy comment, though made by a pacifist in the spring of 1942, could have been uttered with equal justice at any time between George Orwell's first political book, five years earlier, and his death, eight years later. And what a crew he hunted.

> One sometimes gets the impression that the mere words "Socialism" and "Communism" draw towards them with magnetic force every fruit-juice drinker, nudist, sandal-wearer, sex-maniac, Quaker, "Nature Cure" quack, pacifist, and feminist in England. One day this summer I was riding through Letchworth when the bus stopped and two dreadful-looking old men got on to it. . . . They were dressed in pistachio-colored shirts and khaki shorts into which their huge bottoms were crammed so tightly that you could study every dimple. Their appearance created a mild stir of horror on top of the bus. The man next to me, a commercial traveler I should say, glanced at me, at them, and back again at me, and murmured "Socialists," as who should say, "Red Indians." [*The Road to Wigan Pier.*]

The traveler, Orwell adds, was probably right—the Independent Labor Party was holding its summer school in Letchworth at the time.

Orwell: The Transformation is the second volume of an unfinished biography by Peter Stansky and William Abrahams. *The Unknown Orwell* (published in 1972) followed Eric Blair up to his first appearance as "George Orwell" in 1933. The new book traces Orwell's political conversion, ending with the Spanish Civil War. Stansky and Abrahams seek to show, among other things, how narrowly Blair escaped becoming an "intellectual" himself.

The man the world knows as George Orwell was born Eric Arthur Blair, in Motihari, Bengal, son of an Anglo-Indian civil servant, grandson of a clergyman. When Eric was four, the Blairs returned to England. Eric was educated at public schools, St. Cyprian's and Eton. He was cynical, lazy, aloof, snobbish. (Years later, an old Etonian used the derogatory nickname for the scholarship dormitory where Eric had lived; Orwell "winced as though [he] had trodden on his tenderest corn.")

At age 19, Blair started a five-year stint with the Indian Imperial Police in the steamy boondocks of Burma. He hated it. While on sick leave in England in 1927, he informed his parents that he intended to become a writer. He moved to Paris, ran out of money, washed dishes, then moved back to England. There he made periodic forays among tramps, dressed as a derelict (the tramps often recognized his accent). He fashioned his first book—*Down and Out in Paris and London*—from his tramping experiences, and his first novel—*Burmese Days*—from his Indian service. His pseudonym was chosen by a publisher, from names Blair had supplied.

"He was the most 'literary' man I've ever known," an editor later recalled—"absorbed, obsessed with wanting to be a writer." He wrote many reviews, and two bad novels, and was running out of material when, in 1936, his publisher suggested he do a report on poverty in England. Orwell studied the coal industry, and produced *The Road to Wigan Pier*. The squalor horrified him; the demeanor of professional socialists horrified him almost as much.

His next book took him to Barcelona, ostensibly as a journalist, though he quickly signed up with the Republicans. Chance directed him to a non-Communist unit, from which he observed first-hand the smears and lies of the Communist faction. He fought no battles, was shot in the throat by a sniper, and, though wanted by the police, stayed in Barcelona an extra day to try to help an arrested comrade.

RANDOM NOTES

■ More July Titles: *Jack: The Struggles of John F. Kennedy* (Dial, $14.95), by Herbert S. Parmet, is the first of a two-volume biography of Kennedy by the author of *The Democrats: The Years after FDR* and *Eisenhower and the American Crusades*. It is supposedly the most ambitious biography to date of JFK. . . . Addison Gayle's biography, *Richard Wright: Ordeal of a Native Son* (Doubleday, $14.95), is a highly sympathetic study by the first author to gain access to the FBI's files on the novelist.

■ Some August Titles: *The Present Danger: "Do We Have the Will to Reverse the Decline of American Power?"* (Simon & Schuster/Touchstone, $7.95), by Norman Podhoretz, grew out of a long article the author printed in *Commentary* a year or so ago. . . . Dmitri and Ludmilla Sollertinsky are two Soviet musicologists whose biography *Pages from the Life of Dmitri Shostakovich* (Harcourt, $12.95) serves as a sort of official antidote to Shostakovich's memoirs, *Testimony*. Stalin is not mentioned in the present book; of the Khrushchev de-Stalinization we are told only that the Party "resolutely revealed the mistakes which had been committed as a result of the cult of personality, and Lenin's standards were restored." . . . Lev Kopolev, in *The Education of a True Believer* (Harper, $15), describes his progress from enthusiastic Stalinist to a much more diffuse, anti-establishment, Marxist.

The Thirties: From Notebooks and Diaries of the Period (Farrar, $17.50), edited by Leon Edel, is the successor to Edmund Wilson's *The Twenties*, published several years ago.

Henri Troyat's latest volume is *Catherine the Great* (Dutton, $17.50), translated by Joan Pinkham. There doesn't look to be much new here.

Suicide: The Philosophical Issues (St. Martin's, $11.95) is a collection of 23 essays on the subject, edited and compiled by M. Pabst Battin and David J. Mayo. The majority of the contributors argue that suicide is a moral alternative, a constitutional right, et cetera: *Publisher's Weekly* calls it "an alarming volume." Joyce Carol Oates is a notable voice crying in the wilderness. —CW

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In a 1944 essay on Dali, Orwell wondered how a mediocre artist could save himself from obscurity. "There is always one escape," Orwell decided: "*into wickedness.*" Orwell found another escape: into goodness, as he understood it—socialism, egalitarianism, fair play. Orwell's mature rhetorical style, perfected in *Homage to Catalonia*, depends on persuading the reader that he is listening to the voice of plain common sense; Orwell's very deficiencies—prosiness, humorlessness, literalism (he thought the Houyhnhnms were the heroes of *Gulliver's Travels*)—collaborate with his style.

Stansky and Abrahams seem sometimes to suggest that Orwell's escape was purely fortuitous—that, without pain or the poverty assignment, he might have become just another effete hack. Yet, as their own books demonstrate, the seeds lay in his character. A thicker-skinned man—less proud, less sensitive—might have spent his life gnawing at the social establishment from which he sucked like a lamprey. Eric Blair, who took everything so much harder, made a cleaner break, and thus, paradoxically, was able to retain an unembarrassed affection for many of the traditional elements of the English system and character.

It was probably lucky for Orwell's reputation that he died when he did. Orwell fought in the great decades-long debate of the left wing—whether or not Stalin was benign. Khrushchev's 1956 speech decisively ended the debate, in favor of the anti-Stalinists. Yet Khrushchev also made the debate itself into a thing of the past, allowing decent leftists and fellow-travelers alike to pin all the crimes of Communism onto the person of Stalin. Orwell, meanwhile, unable to throw himself into new controversies, joined Stalin on the museum shelves, simultaneously beatified and defanged. Now, with the Vietnam War consummated by Pol Pot, and Solzhenitsyn damning Lenin—with the recognition spreading that (as James Burnham realized forty years ago) Communism *is* Stalinism—there are signs that the mild-mannered Etonian who divined totalitarianism's essence may be becoming a bit less popular again. Little signs, here and there, in the early reviews of Stansky and Abrahams—a desire to muss Orwell's tie, step on his shoes. The third volume, and the reaction to it, will be worth watching. □

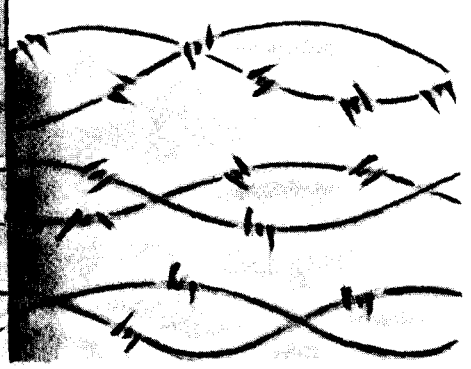
Institute of Fools
By Victor Nekipelov, translated by Marco Carynnyk and Marta Horban
Farrar, 292 pp., $15

CRAZY WARD

ADRIAN KARATNYCKY

Institute of Fools is an account of the two months Victor Nekipelov, a Soviet pharmacist and human-rights activist, spent in Moscow's Serbsky Institute for Forensic Psychiatry—the institution that determines which political dissenters will be committed to psychiatric prison-hospitals in the USSR.

While there have been a number of first-hand accounts of psychiatric abuse in the USSR (notably Leonid Plyushch's and Vladimir Bukovsky's), Nekipelov's book is the first attempt to provide a detailed explanation of the mechanism by which Soviet human-rights activists are forced to undergo the living hell of psychiatric incarceration.



Yet although it is ostensibly about the abuse of psychiatry, *Institute of Fools* is equally a moving account of Soviet society's misfits. Nekipelov, a gifted writer and keen observer, introduces us to a litany of lives lost (thieves, embezzlers, horseplayers, murderers); "my criminal brethren," as he refers to them. Some of them are in fact insane. But "85 to 90 per cent of those referred for psychiatric evaluation are of sound mind," Nekipelov tells us. And of those who were certified insane, he observes, "barely 25 to 30 per cent were actually sick." The others feign lunacy, believing that life in a psychiatric hospital is preferable to imprisonment in a labor camp. There will after all be milk and meat, doctors and nurses instead of wardens and guards, and clean beds. "There's only one catch to this resort life," Nekipelov reminds us. The prisoner will "have to take pills, which will put him to sleep or worse. But such is the price of heavenly blessings."

The seductions of the Serbsky Institute are numerous. The dinners Nekipelov is given during his two-month evaluation are sumptuous, and the author confesses that in the time he spent there, he gained 12 kilos.

The Institute for Forensic Psychiatry, moreover, is located in the heart of Moscow, "a stone's throw" from the Ministry of Foreign Affairs and the Beryozka shop, which caters to foreigners with "hard currency." Yet, hardly "anyone notices the web of wires stretched in readiness to signal an escape, and the dogs in the courtyard are trained not to bark."

Nekipelov's gift for anecdote and description is truly rare, and his accounts of those who inhabit the Institute of Fools are remarkably well-wrought. We meet Tumor, the catatonic; and Towelhead, a man with a huge beard who is a kind of mad devil's advocate, taunting and teasing Nekipelov with his extreme self-confidence, his hatred of Jews, Tatars, and other minorities, and his life's philosophy: "Everything in the world can be bought." There is Vartanyan, who pretends he is a U.S. presidential candidate and works on his campaign

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platform; and Igor Rosovsky, the son of a Stakhanovite weaver, who loved trotters and embezzled money to pay off his debts. And there is Nailbiter, whose "eyes were black dots sunken into an alabaster mask"; and Shumilin, "the virtuous thief" who stole from the factory payroll because he "remembered Lenin's observation that money would be abolished under socialism . . ."

Nekipelov's data do not rush at us; yet everything is there, almost never stridently revealed. We are lulled into a strange complacency. The horrors of the Serbsky are hardly ever terrifying. "You must be more trusting," Nekipelov is told; after all, the physicians are there to help. But the facade of order and calm sometimes vanishes. An inmate, the victim of a prank, is given ten injections of aminazin (a tranquilizer marketed in the U.S. as Thorazine, which causes violent muscle spasms, depression, and headaches when it is not administered with corrective drugs). The poor man who is thus treated is unable to rise from bed for a week.

"No," Nekipelov reminds us, "the Institute of Fools [is] not a paradise isle. It [is] a perfectly ordinary prison, and [psychiatrist] Landau's ingratiating smile [is] the mask of an . . . executioner."

Yet the doctors and nurses are not all ogres. They are portrayed as flesh-and-blood human beings. Nekipelov is not unwilling to notice his attending psychiatrist's "sensual lips." And Nekipelov's sense of humor helps him survive. Aware of the absurdity of his predicament, he insists on having his fun. He is taken for an examination to the Encephalograph Laboratory, where he inwardly recites poems, causing the machine to record wild zig-zags in his brain pattern by "sending dactyls and trochees over the wire."

The true role of the Institute is revealed by Nekipelov early on. The Serbsky is directly subservient to the MVD, the Ministry of Internal Affairs. The "entire staff of the Institute has military, MVD, ranks, the doctors being officers and the nurses . . . probably sergeants." And the omnipresent KGB "often visits or telephones, especially with regard to patients in Section 4," where political prisoners are kept.

Nekipelov's speculations on the moral dimensions of the physicians' unethical practices deserve serious attention: "Does the fault lie in an inertia of thought, a loyalty to dogmatic clichés, and an inability to comprehend our psychology? No. I do not aver this. . . . All the doctors knew what they were doing." They could have chosen to work for other institutions or taken other responsibilities. "But they went further, into *deliberate collaboration* with a system of terror." "No, I do not clear the doctors at the Institute. My appeal is an appeal to bring them to trial."

At first, Nekipelov is determined to resist cooperating with the psychiatrists' evaluation, but in the end, perhaps because he has secretly been drugged, he gives in and in fact hopes he will be ruled insane. But unlike other political prisoners, Nekipelov is found to be "responsible" and sent off to stand trial. There is no winning in this game; he is sentenced to two years in a forced labor camp.

It is important to note that as I write this, Victor Nekipelov sits in a detention cell in a KGB prison awaiting the beginning of a new trial and prison sentence. There is no small irony in the fact that Nekipelov's indictment of Soviet psychiatry, *Institute of Fools*, will be in bookstores at about the time his trial begins. But I would urge the reader to look at this book not merely as an act of solidarity. For *Institute of Fools* is worthy of attention simply for what it is: a moving chronicle of the banality of evil, a work of a rare literary talent. □

Explorers of the Body
By Steven Lehrer
Doubleday, 436 pp., $12.95

EYE OF NEWT

MITCHELL S. ROSS

Here, at last, is a history of the great medical discoveries written by an author who refused to wear blinders in the midst of composition. In this secular society, scientists who accomplish anything notable are customarily regarded with the sort of hands-off reverence previously reserved for Christian saints. Now, Steven Lehrer, an imp who disguises himself by day in the white coat of a New York City radiologist, has turned up with an account of the big doings in the laboratories which will inspire his readers to turn an occasional fish eye on all Nobel Prize winners while retaining a fair measure of honest admiration.

He has, predictably, been slapped around a bit as a reward for his pains, most hilariously by one of the food critics of the *New York Times* in the august *Book Review* of that newspaper. The eminent gastronome, one Mr. Sokolov, deeply resented Dr. Lehrer's ribaldry, particularly such specimens of it as his suggestion that Gregor Mendel probably lied about some of his experimental data, and—horror of horrors!—that Dr. Howard Florey, credited with a key role in the discovery of penicillin, was more a scientific Walt Disney, a coordinator of talents, than an ingenious researcher himself.

WELL, THE Florey-Disney analogy is admittedly eccentric, and the ponderous Sokolov, lost in the solemnities of his Cuisinart, may be excused for his failure to follow the trail of brighter spirits. But Lehrer must still be congratulated on his honesty, his clarity, his ability to discern appropriate distinctions, and his sense of humor. It probably goes too far to say that high-school biology textbooks will never be the same, but it is reasonable to say that they shouldn't be.

And so we learn that all those bearded workers were often, in the midst of being great, also muddleheaded, mean, petty, jealous, vain, greedy, and lucky —a terrible betrayal, in the minds of some people, but, to those of us weary of all doctors who would have us bow and call them princes, it is as refreshing as successful wart surgery. Here are Louis Pasteur and Robert Koch, denouncing each other's scientific achievements, mainly because one man was French and the other, Prussian. Here is the same Pasteur, fearing the failure of his anthrax vaccine, hollering at a blameless assistant and ordering him to face humiliation before the press and the livid farmers of France. And here is the same Koch, in need of money in order to support a mistress, hustling into production the bogus wonder-drug tuberculin, and writing impassioned letters to his beloved Hedwig from Egypt, where he had fled in order to escape

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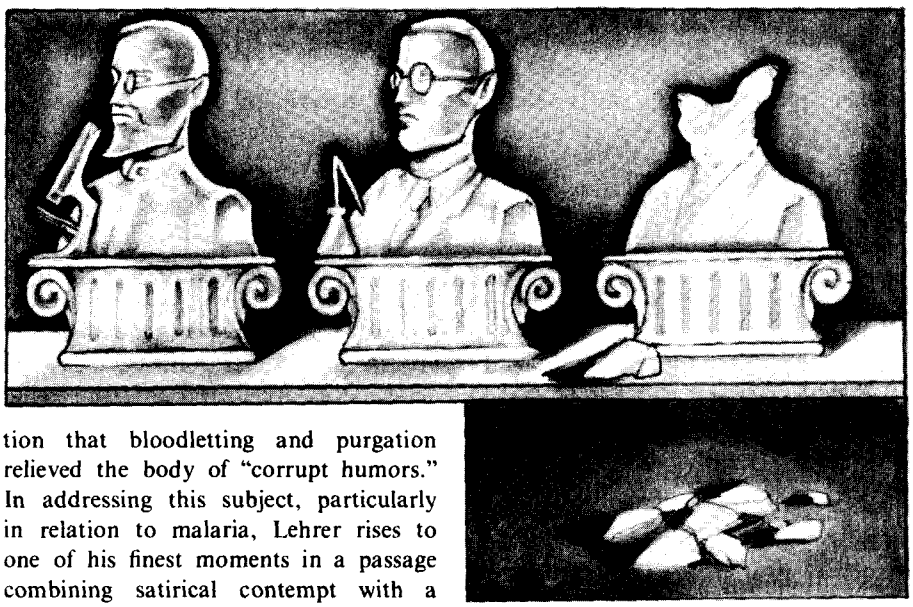
criticism over the rising number of deaths caused by his "cure."

Probably because so much of it concerns death and people's fascination with it, medicine has one of the wackest histories of all the branches of civilization. The English Protestants of the seventeenth century, for example, suffered needless deaths from malaria by refusing to treat themselves with cinchona bark, the key property of which was quinine, although folks didn't know that. The only reason they wouldn't use the stuff was that the popish French used it. Oliver Cromwell himself contracted malaria, refused cinchona, and died. The Jamaicans, meanwhile, maintained glorious pride in the belief that yellow fever originated in their precincts. When in the mid-eighteenth century, a Dr. John Williams, born elsewhere but residing in Kingston, composed a thesis arguing that yellow fever had in fact originated in Central America and had then been transported to Africa, the outcry was so great that he was challenged to a duel by a Dr. Parker Bennet, who must by now have had a plaque erected in his honor in front of the Kingston Chamber of Commerce. Here were two physicians, one an honest investigator and the servant of civilization, and the other, a jackass. When their duel was completed, they were merely two dead physicians.

THE AMUSING and instructive anecdotes in *Explorers of the Body* must run high into the hundreds. Even those who have heard some of these tales before will read with appalled astonishment of how many young mothers' lives could have been saved over the centuries if the participants in childbirth had only known to sterilize themselves and their equipment. Who can keep from smiling at the thought that the man who had much to do with a similar improvement—antisepsis in wound treatment—the English surgeon Dr. Joseph Lister, is today immortalized (and his descendants enriched) by the mouthwash Listerine, concocted by a couple of Missouri businessmen who offered to pay a royalty in exchange for the famous doctor's name on their patent?

The story of man is in large part the tale of the idiotic things he has believed in. It is doubtful if all the inquisitions and pogroms of history have caused more pointless suffering than the notion that bloodletting and purgation relieved the body of "corrupt humors." In addressing this subject, particularly in relation to malaria, Lehrer rises to one of his finest moments in a passage combining satirical contempt with a sense of the pathos of it all: "When compounded with the disability brought on by powerful purgatives (the gentle laxative did not exist in those days), the debilitating effects of the disease itself often finished off most sufferers in a short time. Lucky indeed were the country folk and townspeople poor enough to avoid the ministrations of the medical profession."



Lehrer is also admirable in reporting the various shades of deceit which have determined credit for the great medical breakthroughs. The scramble for Nobel Prizes appears to be really dreadful among scientists, so much so that I, who have long advocated that the money for the literature prize be reinvested in the production of wood pulp, must now also suggest that the science prize-money be reinvested in serums designed to improve the quality of Swedish prime ministers, who are in a desperate need of it. Some recent examples of squalid scientific behavior are Dr. Selman Waksman, awarded the Prize for the discovery of streptomycin and subsequently challenged successfully in court for a share of the royalties; and the DNA boys, Drs. Watson, Crick, and Wilkins, who squeezed their late colleague, Dr. Rosalind Franklin, out of any share in the honors. Watson even went so far as to write an inaccurate, belittling profile of the hapless Franklin in his best-seller, *The Double Helix*. Another example, although too late for publication, would be the performance of Dr. Roz Yalow, awarded last year's Prize for the discovery of the chemical assay for insulin. In her public statements since then, she has conveniently forgotten that her late superior, Dr. Soloman Berson, was the true genius behind the discovery.

In brief, then, *Explorers of the Body* is a collection of many marvels, and a useful slap in the face of the scientific community. Because it has no Great Theme behind it, like the recent *Eighth Day of Creation*, and is written for the most part in prose that is clear without being trashily seductive in the manner of Dr. Lewis Thomas's pseudo-poetic pishposh, its qualities have been inadequately hymned. But I rectify this injustice here, and urge you to your booksellers. □

Russian Art and American Money 1900-1940
By Robert C. Williams
Harvard, 309 pp., $17.50

CASH AND CARRY

RUTH BERENSON

Russian Art and American Money, for all its rather provocative title, is a scholarly exploration of a little-known aspect of American-Russian relations, namely the art trade between the two countries from the early 1900s to 1940. Thoroughly researched and documented with 22 pages of footnotes, it is filled with information, much of it new. Unfortunately, it is somewhat repetitive

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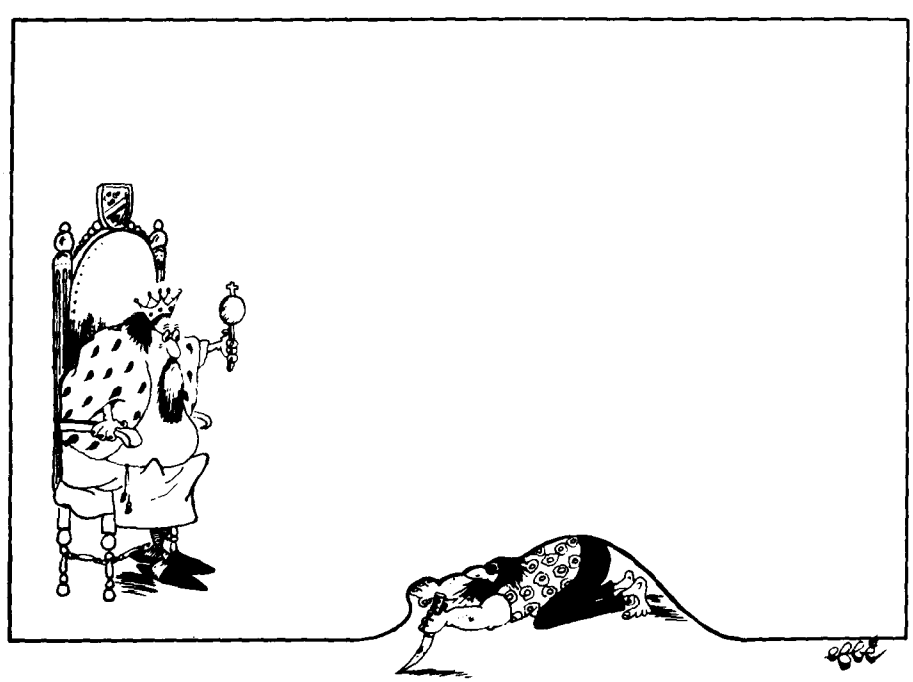
and marred by the author's portentous style that hints at more skulduggery and international hanky-panky than his facts support.

The book's main point, that Communist Russia has consistently used art as a propaganda vehicle and a means of getting its hands on hard currency, is hardly a revelation. The irony, which Mr. Williams fails to point out, is that the chief, though by no means the only, beneficiary of this policy has been the United States, where most of the art sold off by the Kremlin has found a resting place. The process began immediately after the Revolution, when Armand Hammer and a handful of other Americans who hoped to turn a capitalist profit from the noble experiment were able to buy up, and export, precious icons, silverware, porcelains, paintings, and Fabergé knick-knacks, first from fleeing aristocrats desperate to convert art to cash and, later on, from government-run stores purveying this confiscated loot to well-heeled foreigners. (They generally resold it, in either Berlin or New York, avoiding Paris, where the impoverished Russian émigrés would have recognized—and claimed—their former possessions.) Hammer first went to Russia in 1921, allegedly to distribute field kitchens and medical supplies to the sick and wounded; as the son of an early adherent of the American Communist Party, he found it easy to operate in ways profitable both to himself and to the Soviet authorities. Art buying and selling was only one of the ways in which he managed to establish himself as a Jack-of-all-Russian-trades playing both sides, capitalist and Communist, against the middle to the mutual benefit of himself and the Kremlin.

AMERICAN capitalism realized what was perhaps its biggest profit over the Communists when Stalin decided to sacrifice Russia's artistic riches—accumulated over the centuries by the czars and deposited in the Hermitage and other museums—to the needs of his first Five Year Plan. The pictures chosen—masterpieces by Rembrandt, Rubens, Jan van Eyck, and others, including one of Raphael's most famous works, the Alba Madonna—represented the cream of an unbelievably rich crop, and they were immediately snapped up at prices which, even by Depression-era standards, were dirt cheap. As the author says, "Stalin obviously preferred tractors to a Raphael" (which went for $1.5 million, the highest price ever paid for a picture at that time), but he was careful not to publicize his tastes: as late as 1950 a Soviet publication still listed the Alba Madonna in the Hermitage, though it had been hanging in Washington's National Gallery ever since that museum opened its doors in 1940, one of 21 Hermitage pictures bequeathed to it by its founder and chief benefactor, Andrew Mellon.

It is hard to see why the author adopts such a conspiratorial tone writing about this taciturn Pittsburg millionaire. True, when news of his pu chases leaked out in 1931, as Americ was sinking ever deeper into the D pression, there was a big outcry. Th Democratic Congress that convened 1932 almost impeached him before h resigned as Secretary of the Treasury t become ambassador to Britain; in 193 he was indicted on charges of fraud an income-tax evasion for claiming a d duction for these and other picture The trial, which exonerated him, gav a fascinated public an inside look at th mysterious world of art and financ but it did not deter him from the pu pose which he had had in mind sinc 1927: the creation of the National Ga lery as his gift to the American people

If, for all Mr. Williams's innuendo Mellon comes off well in this accoun other characters seem more authentica ly dubious as well as more amusing One of the slipperiest (always exceptin Armand Hammer) was Nicholas Roer ich, a Theosophist and landscape paint er who, after making quite a name fo himself in the pre-Revolutionary Rus sian avant-garde, fled to Paris and the to New York, where he discovered tha mysticism paid off better than art. Set ting himself up as a guru swathed i Tibetan robes, he rapidly accumulated a set of rich disciples; by 1928 they in cluded Henry Wallace—future Secretar of Agriculture, Vice President, and pres idential candidate—who was drawn t the flamboyant Russian by his fascina tion with the occult and by Roerich's grandiose plan for a peace pact to pro tect cultural monuments in case of war Roerich's sponsors not only provide him with a museum on the two botton floors of an Art Deco skyscraper o Riverside Drive, they paid for his truth seeking missions to Central Asia, th Himalayas, and India, blissfully unawar that these treks included regular visit to the Bolshevik paradise he had aban doned ten years earlier. In time hi main backers caught on—but not Wal lace. The latter not only sent him anc his retinue to Mongolia on a gran from the Department of Agriculture t look for "drug plants" but, despite warnings from British intelligence that Roerich had engaged in subversion in India and was probably a Soviet spy, he actually signed (in the presence of FDR and a bevy of foreign ambassa-



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lors) the "Roerich Peace Pact." This was on April 15, 1935, shortly after, as he American members of the agricultural mission trickled home, evidence of Roerich's shady dealings and misuse of government money became too strong o ignore. That fall, with IRS agents ot on his heels, he fled to India, where ie died in 1947.

Wallace's gullibility vis-à-vis Roerich was matched by that of many Americans involved in Soviet-American art exchanges. The most prominent was Joseph E. Davies who, as the first United States Ambassador to the Soviet Union, promptly fell in love with everything he saw: the purge trials, which he attended enthusiastically and found perfectly justified; the icons, silver tea services, porcelains, and other bric-a-brac which he acquired, literally by the carload, in the "commission shops" and for which, when he left, he insisted on paying duty rather than sending them by diplomatic pouch; even the socialist realist paintings which, when told they were not for sale, he had copied. If you want to see them, they're at the Elvehem Museum of Art at the University of Wisconsin in Madison, Davies's alma mater, to whom he left his collections. □

The GIMLET EYE

SAYING A MOUTHFUL

D. KEITH MANO

"I was one of the few left-handed dental students in my class at NYU. To work properly I had to sit in the cuspidor. I went four years with a wet behind."

And consider the endless foot fag: dentists spend more time standing around than water in a stagnant birdbath. "It got pretty bad. I had to lose 35 pounds," Dr. Robert Reiss told me. A thing that might be called dental hunch, too: looking down in the mouth all day is unnatural. "My back will spasm. Luckily there are several osteopaths in the building. I just go upstairs, jump on a table, and come back again." But that fine tooth combing can develop great hand strength. "It's the big thing in my house, 'Would you open this jar?'

Most dentists have intricate, small hobbies: painting and jewelry. It pushes you in that direction. I don't like it. I like to get out in a car and look off into the distance. I don't even like to play doubles tennis: after all those mouths, I want the whole court to myself." Dr. Reiss isn't orally fixated: he prizes the interpersonal aspect of dentistry. "Relating to good people: I love that. If a patient is unpleasant or neurotic, I just won't put up with the anguish. It isn't worth it. I give them their money back and fire them, so to speak. You should see their astonishment." He laughs. "Would you believe I've even been sued for abandonment?"

Dentists, in general, would give your eye teeth for a better image. There is angst and discontent at the filling station. Four years of post-graduate work and you qualify as a greedy, careless sadist: or so the popular badmouthing has it. "That's unfortunate, I think. With all the time and expense, our position in society is nowhere near the altar that physicians are put on. I note that dentists who hate their job tend to specialize in extraction work: ripping teeth out. Stand near them at a party and you hear, 'I'm a maxilofacial surgeon.' Ha. This is a dentist in drag." And doctors Polyglycoat themselves with superiority. "I've received some cooperation, but more resistance. For example, I had a patient with boggy, swollen, purple gums. I called her doctor and told him, 'I think your patient has diabetes.' He just said, 'Why don't you practice dentistry and I'll practice medicine.' I sent her for a blood test and, yes, she was diabetic. Now she has a new physician.

"You can see pregnancy early on. Chicken pox, scarlet fever, diabetes." The mouth is a stool pigeon: a dark café for symptoms to hang out in. "Oral mucous membrane, being wet tissue, will demonstrate change more rapidly. You can tell if a person is nervous from the grinding and bruxing: if he smokes: even if he's eating a lot of hot pizza. And, of course, physicians don't often X-Ray your bone. In fact, a physician looks rather superficially at things. A dentist—a good dentist—doesn't just examine teeth: he looks at bone and tissue. That involves treating the patient as a total systemic being. Why keep drilling decay out? Why not try to understand why the decay is occurring?"

Dr. Reiss gets passionate. "Look, this is something I'm speculating on now. In about thirty instances that I've seen recently, people who've had very healthy bone for forty years suddenly started losing it. To me this would indicate some major change in metabolism that was causing osteoprosis. Well, in twenty out of thirty cases those people were found to have a malignancy somewhere in the body within a year or two after I first noticed that bone change. It's scary as hell.

"For instance, there's a benign tumor of the adrenal gland and spleen called pheo-chromocytoma. It affects bone metabolism: bone around the teeth begins to dissolve. If you can keep the teeth in the mouth until the tumor is diagnosed and removed, the bone will regrow back around the teeth. I have cases now that first appeared 12 years ago. The tumor was removed and bone has grown back around teeth that four dentists had said should be extracted because they were so loose.

"You can't look at teeth as though they were separate from the body. When you have a disease your whole defense mechanism breaks down. In other words, if you go to the right dentist, it's possible that you can also have your nutrition, body chemistry, and basic potential for disease assessed. To me that's the key to dentistry: not just draw one or fill one. But most dentists do bargain-basement work. I have a lot of empirical evidence relative to malignancy and bone. But I haven't the time or the resources to follow it up."

Is he advocating a new discipline: oral diagnostician? "No. I don't believe in overspecialization. When you specialize you also remove the close personal relationship. You see patients once, maybe twice and they're gone. The regular dentist will see you every year at least, and he can monitor change. Very often people go to doctors only when they feel sick: sometimes then it's too late.

"That's the marvelous thing about private practice: you have time for these things. No union, no third party

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is telling you, 'Do this, do that in one hour and you better produce. And don't bother doing that because we won't pay for it.' More and more graduates come out thinking this way. And there are fewer people left to fight the trend. The mouth could be one of our most significant and available diagnostic tools. The thing that really frightens me—I see too many people in their late forties, early fifties developing malignancies of one kind or another." Dr. Reiss is quiet for a moment. "You know, last year I lost 16 patients, 16 close friends, to cancer."

Implicit in his silence is this: that if the connection between oral metabolism and cancer had been recognized, some of those 16 might still be alive. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE BEAUTIFUL BRONX, *by Lloyd Ultan (Arlington House, 192 pp., $17.95).* A loving tribute to a borough of New York City that boasts at least three distinctions: 1) it is the only one of New York's five boroughs that is embedded in the U.S. mainland (it will therefore be much harder to saw off and set adrift into the Atlantic); 2) it is the only one to use the definite article in its title (The Manhattan? The Queens?); and 3) it is the only one with a cheer named after it. After an absorbing introduction, Mr. Ultan, a former president of the Bronx Historical Society, sets off on a richly evocative photographic tour of the Bronx in its golden years, from 1920 to 1950, that is certain to bring on an attack of terminal nostalgia in anybody over the age of ten. The Bronx had everything: Babe Ruth, vaudeville, beautiful parks, marvelous swimming, spacious apartments, mansions along the Hudson, and trolleys whose conductors would linger for pretty young secretaries. Mr. Ultan's title, far from hyperbole, is an exercise in understatement.

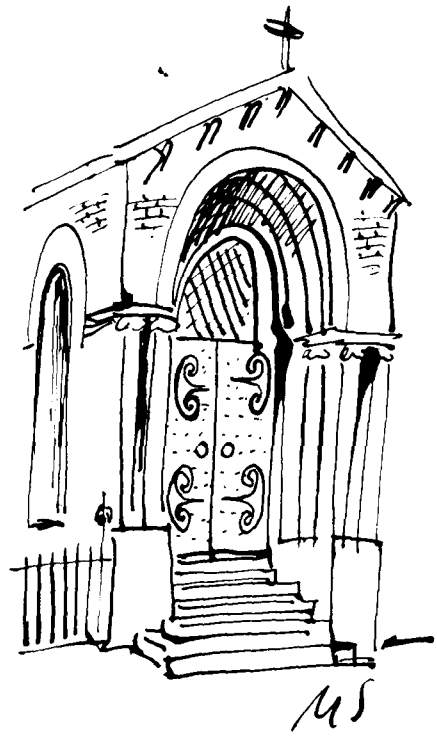
KEVIN LYNCH

RESTRICTING HANDGUNS, *edited by Don B. Kates Jr. (North River Press, 237 pp., $6.95).* Given the hyperbole which passes for debate regarding gun control, the appearance of yet another book on the subject is likely to provoke a yawn. Stifle the impulse, and read this one. Kates and his contributors reduce the liberal shibboleths to a fine powder by documenting that survival depends less upon our slapdash system of justice than a ready access to a handgun. The magnificent irony is that the editor and his flock are liberals all who, having witnessed their formative principles battered by a violent reality that cares naught for cheek-turning, have lately discovered the wisdom of self-defense. So, they note, have the ladies of Orlando, Florida who, after completing a publicized weapons training program, were virtually freed of the rapists who ran amok and increased national rape figures threefold in the last decade. Or consider an association of Detroit grocers who remained a relative island of safety in "Murder City" after they used their pistol proficiency and introduced several punks to the hazards of preying upon armed merchants. Though the evidence clearly calls the wisdom of Sullivan-type laws into question, the idealists stubbornly cling to their illusions—until they become victims. Then they write a book like this.

ALAN L. MILLER

VIENNA BLOOD AND OTHER POEMS, *by Jerome Rothenberg (New Directions, 90 pp., $4.95).* For obvious, though superficial, reasons Rothenberg associates the persecutions inflicted upon the Indians by greedy "Gentiles" with the ones suffered by the Jews in the course of their diaspora. The result, noble in its intentions, is a rather heavy excursion into Indian myths and lore, coupled with a plunge into Dadaism and Jewish ancestry whose object is the inarticulate beginnings of language. Thus on one side is the old celebration of nature, mirror of our self; on the other, word-games and maudlin lines about this or that relative of the poet. "Too much talk has emptied our language, too much writing ends it," Rothenberg declares. But the beginning of poetry, seen as remembrance of the dead, and the task of the imagination, defined as a return to a "new sion" of content (as opposed to form), are thoughts already present and more convincingly stated in the previous *A Seneca Journal*, in which the author had started his exploration of ancestral Jewish and Amerindian poetries. *Vienna Blood* is watered down; its intellectual stance, disguised as "natural," belies that new wilderness the poet so inventively rhapsodizes; and the notes appended to supply explanations are naïvely and annoyingly autobiographical.

NERO E. CONDINI



THE CRAFT OF WRITING, *by William Sloane (Norton, 123 pp., $10.95).* Shortly before he died in 1974, William Sloane began assembling notes from a lengthy editorial career for a manual on literary tactics. His relatives added bits and pieces of letters to novelists and published it posthumously. Sloane, who rejected as unreadable Wolfe's manuscript of *Look Homeward Angel*, would be proud. The book is smooth, clear, and logical. One hardly notices that it says nothing new. Edgar Allan Poe set forth a hundred years ago the idea that a story's impact depends on careful selection of every word. Library shelves groan with how-to manuals for novelists, all counseling "Please the reader." But Sloane treats unity in fiction like a fresh topic, and his views on audience appeal leave no room for pandering. He comments knowledgeably on the traditional building-blocks of the story form: characterization, dialogue, scene, voice, plot. They must carry their own weight and, in unison, the weight of the story, he says. He wrote several novels and read, with a discerning eye, countless others; his wisdom survives in every straightforward line: "Start clean and simple. Don't try to write pretty or noble or big or anything like that. Try to say just what you mean." Though again originated by somebody else (Gertrude Stein this time), the advice goes to the heart of the matter. It is strong guidance from a man who thought hard about the written word. Sloane preferred good old ideas to worthless new ones. He was uncompromisingly honest. *The Craft of Writing* testifies to the fact, and, because it does, words like the following make a better impression than they would had anybody else written them. "Pretend you are writing," says Sloane, "while somebody else is looking over your shoulder reading what you write." Second-guessing to boost sales isn't what Sloane has in mind. He wants novels full of interesting people, lovely dialogue, challenging ideas, exciting plots. He wants novelists versed in the complexities of human experience. He wants universality. He maintains that these qualities are possible only when a novelist gives readers what they want. And what, after all, is that? Sloane assumed a reading public as respectable as he. Charity, too, was among his virtues.

PAUL T. HORNAK

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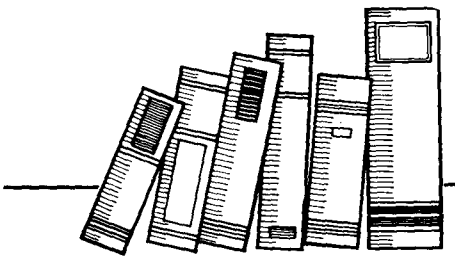

Dark Horses

AMONG THE most important (and least noted) intellectual developments of our time is the theoretical triumph of free-market economics.

Where once the dogmas of interventionism reigned supreme, the elegance and efficacy of the market system are now conceded. On college campuses, in Washington think-tanks, even in the purlieus of working politics and politicians, the impossibility of fine-tuning the economy and the superior virtues of the pricing mechanism are acknowledged, and, in some respects at least, put into practice.

A number of economists (and the grim logic of events) have contributed to this turning of the philosophic tide. But the individual who has come to symbolize it most dramatically through ceaseless personal endeavor is Professor Milton Friedman—Nobel laureate, media sage, and counselor to heads of state. Down through the years, his scholarly researches and ingenious suggestions for reform have raised up a host of academic disciples and a substantial public following.

The sources of Friedman's influence are apparent in his newly published volume *Free to Choose* (Harcourt, Brace; $9.95), co-authored with his wife, Rose D. Friedman. An expansion of his recent series for public television, the book presents in popularized form the themes that Friedman has propounded in his academic writings. It is a uniquely Friedmanesque amalgam of erudition and lucidity.

Free to Choose should prove to be a much-demanded economic hornbook. In non-technical language, with plenty of concrete examples, it explains the workings of the market system, the balancing of costs and benefits, the all-important role of prices, the shortages and other ill-effects resulting from controls, the dangers of excessive government spending and taxation, the failings of the welfare state, the role of government in creating inflations and depressions.

Along the way, the Friedmans canvass such specific subjects as the Social Security system, government intervention in the housing market, the problems of public education, energy and the environment, health care, "consumerism," tax reform, and numerous other current issues. They also provide an excellent discussion of incentives and productivity under free and unfree systems, the political dangers implicit in economic controls, and a series of suggested solutions to our present economic maladies. All in all, this joint venture is a highly readable and most persuasive volume.

As Friedman has provided a conceptual framework for our new appreciation of the market, his former colleague at the University of Chicago, Professor Yale Brozen, has supplied empirical evidence of its superiority. In countless articles and lectures, Brozen has marshaled reams of data that prove the counterproductive nature of government interference in the economy, which almost always harms the people it is said to benefit, and the comparative merits of free exchange in the production and rational distribution of economic satisfactions.

A COLLECTION of Brozen's essays on such topics, *Is Government the Source of Monopoly?*, has just been brought out by the Cato Institute (747 Front St., San Francisco, Calif. 94111; $2). In it, Brozen shows beyond all peradventure that the interventionist bugbear of monopoly power can scarcely be said to exist in unregulated markets, and that virtually the only true monopolies in our experience are those created by government itself—through occupational licensure, barriers to entry, and other impediments to competition.

All of this is demonstrated with Professor Brozen's usual impressive logic and cornucopia of exact detail (his dismantling of "concentration" theory is especially good in this respect). Like the Friedman volume, it illustrates, and should enhance, the new prestige of market economics. —M. STANTON EVANS

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

They're Off

On The Right

New York, June 6—The primaries are for all intents and purposes over, though there is no law against Senator Kennedy's continuing to run for President of the United States or for Emperor of Siam, come to think of it. This is the moment when many editorial writers feel the compulsion to deplore the process that has left the Republic with choices so unappetizing, and—to be sure—there is the record of an apathetic public that declined to participate in the primaries or, having done so, voted for None of the Above.

But the question is badly framed. The premise of democracy is that democracy's leaders will appeal to the people at large. In order to do this, a leader needs to combine an assortment of qualifications not easily described by any handy paradigm. Nor is it sensible to say that those who pass this test are annealed by it to greatness. To win the vote of the majority by no means proves that you are the better man judged by conventional standards of greatness. It means nothing more than that the people are more comfortable with you than with the other man, at this particular moment. What one should ponder at this moment in history is why the people have selected Carter, and Reagan.

THE ADVANTAGES of the incumbent President are not readily overestimated. The organic feel of the situation is that a President will be renominated by his own party. To reject a sitting President of your own party is felt by many to be somewhat regicidal in nature and, also, a little unjust—give the man the necessary time to come to term. To this preternatural advantage Carter has also had the advantage of two opponents both of whom were deemed by the majority unsuited for the Presidency. And, finally, add to it all historical circumstances that gave us a sense of beleaguerment: as long as the world stood against the least of us—53 Americans in Iran—we would come together. This is difficult to do in any country other than by demonstrations of loyalty to the leader. That loyalty is expressed by the rejection of those who formally oppose him.

At the challenging end, the American people had a wide variety to choose from. It is difficult to remember when last there was a higher level of technical excellence among challengers. They chose Reagan, in my judgment, because they saw in him a blend of sincerity, native wit, and seniority which overrode the factors of age and inexperience in Washington. The effort was made—it is always made—to disparage the favorite by brilliantly luminating his weaknesses: but when that was done, they were seen as warts; and everyone has warts, so what else is new? The judgment of the Republican voters, and of a not inconsiderable number of independent voters and Democratic voters, was that Ronald Reagan is the appropriate man to challenge Jimmy Carter. If one is in search of indictments of democracy, there is rich material to work with. But not that, in 1980, the American voters came up with Carter and Reagan as their nominees.

The aristocratic argument against democracy focuses more accurately on the behavior of leaders than on their raw qualifications. The desire to please the people at large can cause permanent stylistic damage to the leader who seeks out quick applause, the flush of approbation. There is no clearer example of this than the legislature of the United States, which adamantly declines to undertake such reforms as would genuinely improve the state of the economy, because to do so would cause temporary discomforts. Here democracy faces problems not easily made to go away; and the United States faces them at a time when failure will bring more than merely domestic distress. Failure, in our time, would bring the impoverishment of the only extant power potentially strong enough to keep the virulence of Communism from overwhelming the planet.

So one may dream one's dreams of the wisdom of Pericles, the skills of Napoleon, the nobility of Lincoln—but, really, that isn't fair; no more than, reading the poetry of this year's Pultizer Prize winner, it is fair to daydream about Shakespeare. The Democrats see in Mr. Carter a good man, no more confounded by the ambiguity of his mission as a representative than as they are confounded by their dreams of utopian liberalism. The Republicans can sit back knowing that their challenger is a good man, of established competence, probably the best political orator now practicing. A man of amiability and discipline, who is simple-minded enough to cherish no other ideals than those of the Founding Fathers. □

MRS. Q. THE PAIN-KILLER

New York, May 14—Might we defer for just a moment consideration of the proposal that Congressman John Anderson be given his own navy with which to fight Iran—and bring up an unrelated subject? The purpose of these paragraphs is to celebrate the lonely work of Mrs. Judith Quattlebaum. She is engaged in the grisly work of contemplating the terrible pain that accompanies some deaths by cancer, and attempting to bring a little relief from that pain to the hopeless. To that end she launched a few years ago the National Committee on the Treatment of Intractable Pain (address: Box 34571, Washington, D.C. 20034). The Committee has one simple objective: to permit the use of heroin for patients dying of terminal cancer and facing pain so acute as to defy the ministrations of morphine, which is the staple pain-killer.

Now, for understandable reasons, the Federal Government is reluctant to authorize any use of heroin—on the grounds that some of it might get out on the streets. The irony is that anybody in a major city can acquire the knowledge necessary to buy heroin from a dirty little drug pimp, but licensed doctors may not administer the identical drug to men and women—and children—literally dying in excruciating pain.

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So what does the government do about ne call of Mrs. Quattlebaum's distinuished committee to sponsor a revision f the law? You guessed it. The question is urned over to a research team, to make ecommendations. Anyone studying the ococo title of that brigade would guess hat it would never get around to doing nything about it. The question is in the ands of: Dr. Seymour Perry, Associate Director for Medical Applications of Research, Chairman of the Interagency Committee on New Therapies for Pain and Discomfort, National Institutes of Health, Bethesda, Maryland. Oh yes, Zip Code 0014.

The Perry Group is supposed to research the question whether we mightn't ind a synthetic drug that has the same imact as heroin, but not its addictive danger. Bully. But if one applied the same ules governing the Perry Team to the nergy crisis, we would suspend the use of ll existing automobiles until we developed one that would take us one hundred niles per gallon. There are tens of thouands of human beings dying in insufferble pain every year while the Perry Committee moons about looking for substitutes.

Moreover, the Perry group appears to e uninterested in pursuing with Mrs. Quattlebaum's committee the question of he usefulness of heroin. Dr. Perry approvingly quoted an English researcher writing for the 197? issue of *Pain* to the effect that oral doses of heroin didn't produce satisfactory results. When Mrs. Q. eplied that the very same report, in its conclusions, revalidated the usefulness of eroin, Dr. Perry declined to reply. Dr. Twycross, an English expert on the subject (in England, with one statement in 1955, Winston Churchill demolished the prohibitionists' attempt to ape American aws; 38 countries authorize heroin for the erminally sick) concluded, "When injections are necessary, diamorphine [heroin] s undoubtedly the best and safest of all he potent narcotic analgesics and is indispensable in the care of a proportion of patients with advanced cancer."

Why hasn't Congress done something about it? Mrs. Q. and her committee, on which there are distinguished representatives including doctors, theologians, and psychoanalysts, saved Congress the trouble of drafting the necessary legislation. They retained Kenneth Lazarus, a Washington lawyer and former counsel to President Ford, to write model legislation. It is appalling to report that no congressman seems to have got around to introducing the necessary bill. One hates to put it that way, but people dying in agony in the hospital don't as a rule get out of bed to vote, and that may have something to do with that awful indifference to other peoples' pain that is a birthmark of most human beings. But not of Judith Quattlebaum, whose name, though difficult to spell, will stay in the memory of those who in the future will be eased out of their misery by the drug she seeks so doggedly to make available, guided by the biblical injunction: For I was hungry, and ye gave me meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink; I was a stranger, and ye took me in. □

SEE YOU LATER

St. Thomas, V.I., May 30—Syndicated columnists are given two weeks off every year. And this, I note in passing, is by no means a venerable convention (in my case, the vacation came only after my fifth year in the trade). Moreover, there have been columnists who as a matter of principle never took a vacation, lest their public discover that life was possible, nay even keener and more joyous, without the columnist's lucubrations. The late George Sokolsky wrote six columns a week for King Features, and then a seventh for the local Sunday paper. When he learned that he had to have his appendix out, he carefully composed columns ahead based on all the variables in the arts of prognosis: two columns in the event everything went smoothly; four columns in the event of complications; six columns in the event of major complications. I asked him, on hearing the story, whether he wrote a seventh column in the event of terminal complications, but he replied that his interest in his worldly constituency was only coextensive with his life on earth.

Mine isn't: when I go, I intend to hector the Almighty even as, episodically, I do from here, to look after my friends, and (most of) my enemies. But I confess to being uncomfortable at taking my two weeks together, instead of separating them as is my practice (one week in the winter, one in the summer). But I am setting sail on a splendid racing vessel, from here to Bermuda, to the Azores, and to Spain. The second leg of my journey will keep me incommunicado (at sea) for 11 days, in the unusual posture of being only on the receiving end of the world's events. During that period President Carter, Senator Kennedy, the airlines, the people who spend their days profaning the English of King James may misbehave safely in the knowledge that there will be no reproach from me. It is horrifying to meditate what enormity the White House will execute, I having advertised my isolation. On the other hand, if President Carter is determined to make me a boat people, I am splendidly well ahead of the game: I need only to sail on.

But sail on to where? Ah, There's the rub, as the poet intuited four hundred years ago. Where can we go, if distress should come to America? There is only Switzerland: but nature so arranged it all that you cannot sail to Switzerland, and this would not be the season to rely on U.S. naval helicopters to pick up my boat and ferry it onto Lake Geneva. Accordingly, I adjure my Lords, secular and spiritual, not to be too licentious while I am gone.

What shall I concern myself with? Well, the exact time of day. I really must know —no kidding—exactly what the time is. I wear a chronometer which for several years lost exactly one second per week. Even folk as disorganized as I can cope with such retrogressions, and I happily set it right every Christmas, and every Fourth of July: and I always knew what time it was. But in an idiotic fit of hubris, I returned it to the clockmaker reminding him that my watch was guaranteed not to gain or lose more than 12 seconds per year. It has never been quite right since. So—well, I have a computer I navigate with, and it has an inbuilt chronometer. It keeps—excellent time. But, you see, excellent time will not do—you need the *exact* time. So, I also have a little radio ($36 at Radio Shack) which is supposed to bring in WWV from Fort Collins, Colorado, which vouchsafes to all the ships at sea: the exact time. Mostly the little radio brings in that signal. Every now and then it does not. In which case I ask Danny for the time, and his watch is pretty reliable. Dick's cheap little Casio keeps disgustingly good time. And I can tell from Reggie's sly smile that—he believes, in a pinch, he can come up with the time.

I NEED sun. Not to darken my skin, because in fact the doctor says that sun is the enemy of fair skin and I must now use something called Total Eclipse #15. I need the sun, and the time, to discover which way to point in order to effect a rendezvous at the Azores. If in this matter I should fail, the reader may deduce, two weeks hence, that I am absent without leave. The moon is getting lean right now, but will flower again; and when it is half-bright, it gives you a horizon, and on some magical moments you can combine that horizon with the North Star, and before you know it, you have your latitude, even as Columbus had that, and only that, having little idea of the time, and yet managed to discover our wonderful country.

The chances, then, are overwhelming that, like MacArthur, I shall return. In the meantime, the Republic is on probation. □

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. An engineer who became a successful cartoonist, noted for zany inventions
166 156 173 194 28 2 11 69 195 84 / 150 214

B. Not possessed
60 186 144 132 225 123 178

C. He built the Taj Mahal
66 95 76 201 136 91 204 134 189

D. The giving of gifts during celebration of Purim
90 3 102 161 18 36 41 221 202 21 / 109 26 120

E. $C_7H_9C_{16}$, used as hypnotic and sedative
81 40 54 143 185 211 217 13 97 31 / 182 209 88

F. Town in Lyon County, Iowa, near Minn. and S. D. lines
227 96 115 154 78 22 6 176 89

G. A type of month
155 125 7 167 196

H. This reinforced-concrete item has sloping sides and the top wider than the bottom
207 59 116 131 135 141 165 181 1 29 / 52 43 70

I. I EXACT MON
16 4 10 188 45 50 53 65 105

J. Another name for the genoa on yachts
107 98 130 32 133 190 223 169 183 48 / 158

K. A Hindu male servant
127 99 159 168 146 12 117 198 138

L. A type of street
137 171 104 210 100 92

M. What baseball stars Ruth and Herman were at birth
145 25 51 55 71 64 75 124 20 157 / 46 187

N. He had been heir to the British throne for six decades
174 148 93 108 126 15 180 222 170

O. A type of court-martial
8 24 56 19 33 42 44 62

P. This wind changes directions with the seasons
216 79 142 206 184 27 191

Q. What most classics are
74 139 82 149 34 111

R. A university in Evanston, Ill.
103 86 110 192 83 80 68 140 200 212 / 57 61

S. Romantically naive
199 151 85 175 128 228 162 101

T. WEE BENT ITEMS
30 224 106 129 14 23 119 219 147 163 / 215 72

U. Not discussed and argued formally
87 35 152 220 160 114 39 63 213

V. A former Prussian province
122 193 197 208 112 5 67 73 9 218 / 77 94

W. Part of Zaire
58 38 47 118 177 172 153

X. Womanish
179 17 203 37 49 205 113 164 226 121

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the end of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution.

See page 858 for Solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

1 H	2 A	3 D	4 I	5 V	6 F	7 G		8 O	9 V	10 I	11 A	12 K	13 E	14 T	15 N		16 I	17 X		
18 D		19 O	20 M	21 D		22 F	23 T	24 O	25 M		26 D	27 P		28 A	29 H		30 T	31 E		
32 J	33 O	34 Q	35 U	36 D	37 X		38 W	39 U		40 E	41 D	42 O		43 H	44 O	45 I	46 M		47 W	
48 J	49 X	50 I		51 M	52 H	53 I	54 E		55 M	56 O	57 R	58 W	59 H		60 B	61 R	62 O	63 U	64 M	
	65 I		66 C	67 V	68 R	69 A		70 H	71 M		72 T	73 V	74 Q	75 M		76 C		77 V	78 F	
79 P	80 R	81 E	82 Q		83 R	84 A		85 S	86 R	87 U	88 E	89 F		90 D	91 C	92 L		93 N	94 V	
	95 C	96 F	97 E	98 J		99 K	100L	101S		102D	103R		104L	105I	106T	107J	108N	109D	110R	
111Q	112V	113X	114U	115F	116H		117K	118W	119T		120D	121X	122V	123B		124M	125G	126N	127K	
128S		129T	130J	131H		132B	133J	134C	135H		136C	137L	138K	139Q	140R	141H	142P		143E	
144B	145M	146K	147T	148N	149Q	150A	151S	152U		153W		154F	155G	156A	157M	158J	159K	160U	161D	
162S		163T	164X	165H		166A	167G	168K	169J	170N	171L	172W		173A	174N	175S	176F	177W	178B	
	179X	180N	181H	182E		183J	184P	185E	186B	187M	188I	189C		190J	191P		192R	193V	194A	
	195A	196G	197V	198K	199S	200R	201C		202D	203X		204C	205X	206P		207H	208V	209E	210L	
211E	212R	213U	214A	215T		216P	217E	218V	219T		220U	221D	222N	223J	224T	225B	226X	227F	228S	

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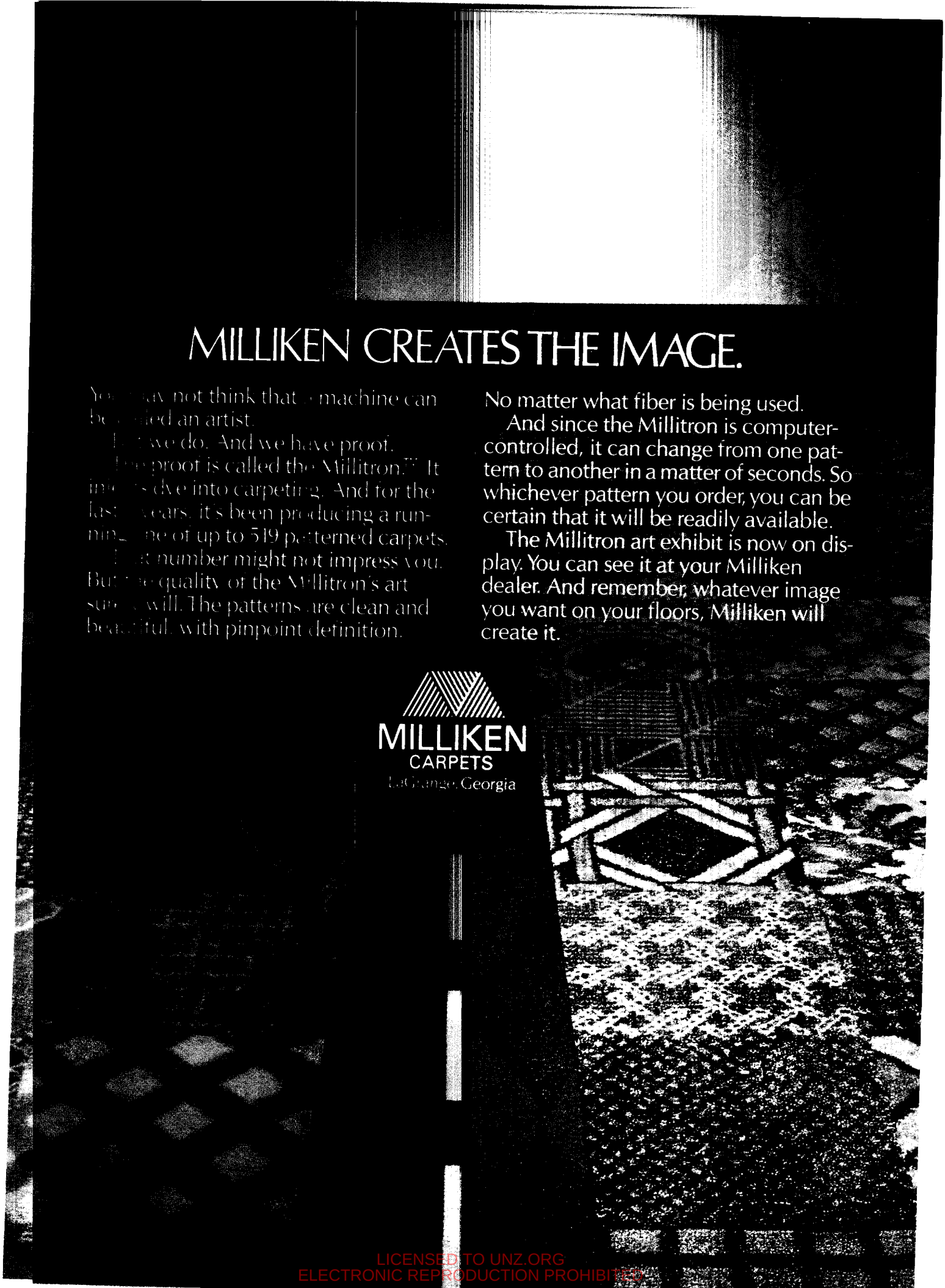

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